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RICHES AND REVOLUTION.

EXTREMES meet, as some one told LEIGH HUNT, and received an answer of almost impossible flippancy. But the meeting of extremes, however familiar, has always in it something a little astonishing. The latest occasion which we have had the pleasure to observe is the meeting of the ideas of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN and of Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, the encounter of the wits which direct the Democratic Federation and the *National Review*. In the December number of that Conservative organ Mr. AUSTIN expresses much the same opinion about modern society as Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS has set forth in a well-known, or at least much-talked-of, lecture. Mr. AUSTIN, like Mr. MORRIS, has no liking for "competition"; and both poets, as we understand them, are revolted by the ostentation of swagging opulence. But, while Mr. MORRIS apparently would reform the rich from the outside, even at the cost of revolution, Mr. AUSTIN would reform the rich from within, and so avoid revolution. Mr. AUSTIN, to be brief, appears before the world leading the fair and blushing ASTREA by the hand, and recommending that shy and fugitive goddess to the notice of society. His ideas, put shortly, are these—that the wealth of the wealthy has increased far more than the modest gains of labour, that luxury has increased with wealth, that the spectacle of luxury produces social discontent, that a "Company of Wise and Reasonable Men" should be formed to abate luxury, and that the profits should be expended on improving the condition and the dwellings of the poor. Mr. AUSTIN points out, with worldly wisdom and some natural contempt, that if charity and thrift once became fashionable, "the bulk of society, *servum pecus*," would become charitable and thrifty. Mr. AUSTIN's intentions are beyond praise, though perhaps the very loftiness of his tone (that of a kind of high-born BUDDHA, who has for ages been contemplating morality from a mountain peak) may alienate a hasty student.

Students less hasty will be reminded by Mr. AUSTIN's essay, by its history, its political economy, its philosophy, and its poetry of their own extreme youth, and undergraduate debating society. To take Mr. AUSTIN's history first (with a little of his style), how fresh and youthful is the following sentence:—"Instead of the still sad music of 'humanity of which WORDSWORTH could speak in his 'time with so much tenderness, one now seems to hear 'the loud mad discord of humanity; and the more far-seeing are beginning to fear that, unless society can be 'tuned afresh, all national concert will be destroyed. 'People with a fine ear note this pretty clearly,' and so forth. Now if we are really hearing the 'loud mad discord of humanity,' it surely does not require a very 'fine ear' to detect a discord which is 'loud and mad.' Again, were the French Revolution, and the European wars of WORDSWORTH's youth, and the turmoil which preceded the Reform Bill and the Corn-laws of WORDSWORTH's later time, were these a 'still sad music' compared with which the discussions of our own time are 'a loud mad 'discord'? On reflection Mr. AUSTIN will probably acknowledge that the music of the Revolution, the great wars, and the Reform were far from being sad or still, were really much louder, madder, and more discordant than anything which people with a fine ear can now note pretty clearly. It is the natural tendency of men to think their own times very noisy, wondrous, and wicked, and to marvel, as MONTAIGNE says, at their own proper fortunes. Mr.

AUSTIN could scarcely have illustrated this natural, though illogical, tendency better than by his remarks on the sad stillness of the age of WORDSWORTH as compared with the discord of our own period.

But let us all "look to our instruments and examine our 'score,'" as Mr. AUSTIN says. He thinks that "social discontent has some justification"; that it is justified by "Rich Men's Dwellings"—that is, by their whole ostentatious manner of life. There is a Right Wing of the Revolutionary Army, and this wing consists of rich men who spend lavishly, luxuriously, and irresponsibly. Mr. AUSTIN does not believe in Mr. GIFFEN's demonstration of the increase in working-men's income as compared with the increase of large private fortunes. But he remarks that it is not open to dispute that "what rich men have they 'spend.'" Now, if rich men were to cease spending in the present way—if they put down a few carriages, and shut up half their stables; if their wives ordered no more jewelry, and very few new clothes; if three-fourths of the servants were dismissed—does Mr. AUSTIN suppose that the country would be vastly benefited, and social discontent greatly diminished? Is it not a fact, on the other hand, that these very retrenchments have been already made, under stress of agricultural depression, and that, consequently, many persons lack employment? These persons, if not discontented, must be perfect MARK TAPLEYS. Mr. AUSTIN may reply that the savings of the Company of Wise and Reasonable Men will be expended in "abolishing 'rookeries, buying land, and erecting dwellings to let to 'labourers and artisans at a reasonable yet sufficiently remunerative rate.'" This will be small consolation to all the tradesmen of every class who will starve for want of custom. Again, if the proposed social reforms are to prove a remunerative investment, the rich may as well put their saving into these securities and go on spending their loose money as before.

Mr. AUSTIN introduces an interesting question, though one which may with equal ease be answered either way, when he compares the present and past proportions of wealth and poverty, luxury and misery, in England. He gives a page and a half of quotations from HALLAM to show that the rich lived more plainly, the poor more comfortably, in the middle ages than they do at present. But there is still greater equality of conditions among the Eskimo, where every man has his equal share of blubber, and no man may possess two canoes. HALLAM's statement that the houses of the mediæval gentry were "almost as inferior to those of their descendants in 'capacity as they were in convenience" sounds odd, when we remember, for example, that HALLAM was well acquainted with Clevedon Court. If the rich in the middle ages had neither "libraries nor pictures," is that a proof that mediæval society was better off than our own? That "silver plate was very rare" seems almost a paradox when we remember how lavishly silver and precious stones were lavished on book-covers. Mr. AUSTIN quotes no remarks on dress, though the fantastic and gorgeous extravagance of a noble's mediæval dress, all silks, furs, and cloth of gold, and wrought steel, and inlaid jewelry, made an alarming contrast to the peasant's smock frock. As to Mr. AUSTIN's startling theory that "in former times" "classes were not only nearer in material condition, but 'nearer in kindred, brotherhood, and all practical equality' than they are to-day, it requires no laboured refutation. What the mediæval peasant thought of his brethren the nobles

he showed sometimes when he got the chance by cutting their throats, maltreating their women, and burning their houses. What the chivalrous noble thought of his brethren the peasants and trading classes, the massacre of Limoges may remind Mr. AUSTIN, even if he has forgotten whatever else is in FROISSART, JOINVILLE, PIERS PLOWMAN, and LATIMER, and the history of the Black Death and the "idol of the Clownes." When Mr. AUSTIN declares that modern society offers "a spectacle of . . . magnificence" such as the world has not witnessed since Rome got top-heavy and nodded to its fall," he misconstrues history. Up to the Revolution all societies openly displayed all the wealth they possessed in gaudy dress and in fêtes, of whose splendour we have now scarcely a conception. Modern society, on the other hand, wears "subfusc" raiment, knows nothing of such entertainments as *Les plaisirs de l'île enchantée*, and offers a rather sombre and demure appearance in the eyes of the world out of doors. We are not so bad as Mr. AUSTIN declares, and perhaps his proposed remedy, even if it were possible, would not allay popular discontent. But by all means let people be as simple and charitable as may be. Virtues are virtues; but virtues will never be made fashionable by Mr. AUSTIN'S Company, nor do fashions last so long that we should pray for the coming of this caprice.

With the snow falling early, the migratory birds fitting early, with every prospect of a hard winter, it is almost heart-breaking to read the many papers on the condition of the poor with which this month's magazines are filled. It is sad to say, but it must be said; the more the writer knows of the facts, the more he has laboured among the wretched, the less hopeful does he seem to be. A letter from Mr. BARNETT, the rector of Whitechapel, in the *Daily News*, seems to us to contain very little hope. Mr. BARNETT advises, as we have often done, that men of leisure and position should face the trouble of Vestry work and check jobbery. In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. BROOKE LAMBERT points out that this, that, and the other remedy is inefficacious, and preaches after all the gospel of hope. In the same magazine Mr. MEARNS remarks (as we have remarked ourselves) that, even as we pull down slums, more "embryo slums" are growing all round London. The "vicious, dirty, and destructive habits of the tenants" make slums out of model lodging-houses. Mr. MEARNS draws up a list of palliatives. State help, help of local government, enforcement of the law, separation of the criminal from the industrial poor, philanthropy—all of which combined may just keep down the rising wave of misery. But the tide of poverty and crime will never withdraw while vice and ignorance and misconception of the true significance of life prevail in the majority of men. Perhaps our best comfort is that we are not worse than other people of other times, as Mr. AUSTIN thinks, but that we suffer more because we are more conscious of what human society ought to be, more conscientious, and more pitiful.

IRELAND.

THE populace of Wexford deserve sincere thanks from all loyal and respectable Englishmen and Irishmen. Their amiable conduct has shown what might be expected under Home Rule. A London paper certainly gave them a direct hint by comparing the semi-treasonable meetings of the National League to the assemblies of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY. Its own ingenuous pride in recalling the fact may save the commentator from the appearance of ill nature in mentioning what, by the light of subsequent events, seems rather like an incitement to a breach of the peace. But the populace of Wexford—to whom be, as already said, much thanks—may be acquitted of reading the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* of instigating the populace of Wexford to show their amiable nature. The propensities of an Irish mob have been known for more years than Wexford counts electors, at least under the present Constitution. The riots at that historic town, which, no doubt, after the manner of Ireland, considers itself to be taking vengeance for the "curse of CROMWELL," and at Newry, where, if the Orangemen had been a little less obedient to the powers that be, some awkward things might have happened, are full of instruction, though unfortunately not so full of novelty. The average Irish Roman Catholic of the lower classes is about as fit to be trusted with self-government as a member of the

fourth form at a school which is going through the stage of rowdy rebellion. Our wiseacres tell us that "By much engine driving at intricate junctions, One learns to drive engines along with the best"; and that we have only got to enfranchise Wexford and Newry fully to see sights. With that conclusion it is certainly possible to agree after a sort. A period of Protestantenhetze followed by a civil war may be said to be a short summary of the sights probable. For the present the grudging resolve of the Government to put down riotous meetings is one of those mercies for which the experienced political student will be duly thankful. Lord ROSMORE, the Government scapegoat, will probably on reflection decide that the sacrifice of himself has brought a sufficient equivalent. Without it the valiant persons who at present bear rule in Downing Street would probably not have summoned up courage to do their plain duty in the matter of the meetings. No loyal Irishman and no Englishman, save the small number of pledged Government apologists, thinks the worse of Lord ROSMORE for the words and deeds, imprudent perhaps in form, but thoroughly sound in motive and intention, by which he saved his neighbourhood from bloodshed some weeks ago. The main object of his self-devotion has been achieved, and the Government have been forced to do their duty. Under the present conduct of affairs some retaliation on the chief agent in this reformation was certain. Mr. GLADSTONE is not fond of men who make him do right in spite of himself.

The sentence on O'DONNELL, given after an unusually careful trial, is not less noteworthy as an instance of judicial right doing than as a political success. It would, indeed, have been a most unfortunate thing if the precedent had been established that men who turn QUEEN'S evidence are to be murdered with impunity. To speak with complete frankness, there is perhaps no one who regards the murderer of CAREY as he regards the murderers of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, from the point of view of moral and personal abhorrence. But the establishment of this difference does not carry with it the slightest corresponding difference in point of alacrity in seeing the criminal punished. As far as the moral and personal point goes there are, every week in the year, delinquents whose crime the law (and with it, perhaps, those general interests of society of which the law is a rough, but in the main a sufficient, expression) taxes at a few weeks' or months' imprisonment, but whom the moral and personal tribunal would unhesitatingly send to the gallows. The power of keeping these two standards apart is one of the chief marks of a capable disputant on such matters. From the legal point of view, the political point of view, and the point of view of public welfare, an acquittal of O'DONNELL, or a reduction of his crime to the level of manslaughter, would have been a grave misfortune. Mr. RUSSELL'S defence was no doubt very ingenious, but it was a pure hypothesis unsupported by even a tittle of evidence. Of law, as of science, it ought to be able to be said *hypotheses non fingit*. It would have been a misfortune no doubt, politically speaking, if the result of the trial had shown, or seemed to show, that witnesses for the Crown might be slain with impunity. But it would have been almost a greater misfortune for common justice if the precedent had been established that a mere cock-and-bull story, of what presumably might have happened, should be believed in preference to the plain tale of what demonstrably did happen. In criminal cases this excursion into pure fiction has recently been rare in England, and it will probably not injure the reputation of the English Bar if counsel, whatever their zeal for their clients, abstain from imitating it.

Mr. CHILDERS does not often talk nonsense; but it may be questioned whether the references to Ireland in his speech of Wednesday deserve to be called sense. Mr. CHILDERS, since his visit to Ireland three years ago, has, it would appear, thought a great deal about that country. His conclusion is scarcely novel; but it may be granted that a mind of singular originality would be required in order to come to any novel conclusion about Ireland. It is that "a warm and impulsive people require to be met half-way." To a frivolous person it might be suggested by this phrase that, if the warm and impulsive people have, as is too frequently the case, bludgeons, knives, pikes, and other implements of the same kind in their hands, it is indeed wise to meet them half-way, but not exactly in the fashion which Mr. CHILDERS doubtless meant. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, however, defined himself a

little more exactly. Ireland, it seems, requires to be treated with justice, but not with "cold justice"—with "sympathetic justice." It is disagreeable to have to use harsh language; but if any one should call this kind of talk gushing folly, it would be easier to rebuke than to differ with him. For, in the first place, whatever may have been done in the past (and the injustice of the past is wont to be immensely exaggerated), for something like two entire generations Englishmen have been racking their brains, lavishing their money, and inconveniencing themselves in every possible way to do this impossible "justice to Ireland." Mr. CHILDS himself acknowledges that Ireland is the spoilt child of the Treasury; no human being who reads history but knows that for fifty years and more she has also been the spoilt child of Parliament. But, it would seem, a warm and impulsive people needs more spoiling still. It is really surprising that people who talk in this way do not see that they are hopelessly inconsistent with themselves. If Irishmen are really the overgrown babies that Mr. CHILDS and the other advocates of sympathetic justice describe them—if they must be petted and cosseted, and told that England does really love its darling, that it does, and its darling shall have just what it likes—what stronger argument can there be against entrusting Irishmen with the conduct of their own affairs? For that is exactly what no sane man or woman entrusts a baby with. It is ridiculous to hold at one moment language about sympathetic justice, and meeting half-way, and the like, and at another moment language about self-government, and equal rights, and so forth. If Irishmen are still in long clothes they are not in place at the polling-booth and the council-table; if they are in place at the polling-booth and the council-table they must put away childish things, pay taxes like other people, obey the law like other people, and take the consequences of their acts like other people. From this dilemma there is logically and politically no escape, and it is because sentimental politicians try to escape it instead of boldly grasping one horn that Irish affairs are as they are, a curse to England and to Ireland. That a man like Mr. CHILDS, who, though possessing no very commanding abilities, possesses a pretty clear head and no particular sentiment or enthusiasm, and who is too honest to affect either when he does not feel it, should talk in such a way, is perhaps the most striking example possible of the depth of muddlement into which, by diligent repetition of commonplace and cant, a great political party may get itself. If Mr. TREVELYAN, who spoke subsequently, escapes the same fate, it is not that he wholly avoids the same blunders. But some at least of the faults of Mr. TREVELYAN the *débiteur* of Liberal commonplaces may be forgiven to Mr. TREVELYAN the administrator. And, in endorsing the opinion that "nothing but the QUEEN'S Government stands between Ireland and 'civil war,'" the IRISH SECRETARY at once announces a momentous truth and condemns utterly the main policy of his own party.

LORD HARTINGTON'S POSITION.

LORD HARTINGTON explained at Accrington that he had intended in his former speech at Manchester only to say exactly what he said. The assumption that he had indirectly referred to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's language seems to have been unfounded. It is, perhaps, scarcely reasonable that any politician or Minister, however much he may be entitled to respect, should have a special canon of interpretation applied to his public speeches. As it is impossible to compress into an address which occupies an hour or two all the opinions of the speaker on current questions of policy, his words are supposed to indicate his judgment or his intentions on points which have not been expressly mentioned. When, for instance, Lord HARTINGTON judiciously remarked that the agitators for the extension of the franchise had not considered the difficulties and complications of the question, it was not unreasonable to suppose that he hesitated to support all the proposals of his more advanced colleagues, even if there was not an implied charge of undue vehemence and precipitation. It now appears that Lord HARTINGTON referred to details which, though they may require consideration, will not interfere with the unanimity of the Cabinet. There are always minor differences of opinion to be settled by compromise, and discussion may arise even on the wording of clauses. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has, without notice of any impending difficulties, announced a measure which will almost involve a

revolution. Lord HARTINGTON protests against the assumption that he disapproves of a uniform franchise and of equal electoral districts.

If Lord HARTINGTON's Manchester scruples are to be construed literally, the same rule of criticism must be kept in mind by the readers of his later apology or disavowal. He repeats the statement that the difficulties of the impending measure have not been adequately considered, and he had never declared that they were insuperable. There is often nothing more ambiguous than a truism; for an undisputed proposition suggests the inquiry why it should have been enunciated. It is certainly true that the country has not considered such a question as whether all property qualifications are to be abolished. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has no hesitation in affirming the expediency of sweeping disfranchisement; and Mr. TREVELYAN, who formerly brought forward annual motions for the simple extension to counties of an occupation franchise, now announces in peremptory language that the ancient property qualification must be abolished, or that he and his party will know the reason why. If Lord HARTINGTON at present holds, or is about to hold, the same opinion, one at least of the considerations which seemed to perplex him at Manchester has already been removed. If on this and other points of importance Lord HARTINGTON's convictions are indefinitely elastic, it will be perfectly true that the Cabinet may agree on a Bill; but it is not explained why it was either necessary or useful to suggest that the removal of doubts and difficulties might not be easy. Another question on which, as on all other questions, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has no shadow of doubt, is the extension to Ireland of any electoral system which may be proposed for England and Scotland. Lord HARTINGTON not long since professed his belief that the proposed uniformity would be highly dangerous. At Manchester he was content to observe that objections to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's policy would not be confined to the Opposition. If he only intended to express his belief that there may be a secession of a few Liberals from the majority, this possibility also might have been conveniently passed over in his speech. What the country wants to know is not whether the votes of a dozen or a score of conscientious Liberals are to be deducted from the majority, when it is swelled by the forces of Mr. PARNELL, but whether the Cabinet, and especially whether Lord HARTINGTON, will propose the further degradation of the Irish franchise. In his earlier speech he intimated certain doubts which, as it was universally understood, were likely to be decided in favour of caution and moderation. On the second occasion Lord HARTINGTON seemed to incline to the positive conclusions of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Perhaps he may in this case also have been misunderstood; but, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not already secured the acquiescence of the Cabinet in his views, his "late leader" encouraged popular misconception when he anticipated Lord SALISBURY's comments on his hypothetical conversion.

There is a certain amount of truth in Lord HARTINGTON's definition of the character and function of the Whigs. As far as they have guided, directed, and checked popular movements they have rendered invaluable service to the country; but their pretensions are put too low when it is asserted or implied that they have only regulated or delayed changes which they were powerless to prevent. The Whigs of former times have discharged a nobler duty. As long as they controlled the policy of successive Governments, the Constitution, as it had been reformed and settled on their initiative in 1832, was protected against further innovation. When their chosen leader began, on purely selfish grounds, to tamper with democratic agitation, he was quietly set aside to make room for a firmer and wiser chief. Lord PALMERSTON, though he was never recognized as a thoroughgoing Whig, represented Whig principles to the end of his career. His successor in office would, with good reason, repudiate the designation of Whig; and Lord HARTINGTON, who might be regarded as the natural leader of the party, now only pretends to facilitate the more or less regular progress of democratic innovations. In his second Lancashire speech Lord HARTINGTON went more than once out of his way to pay compliments to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Yet he cannot have forgotten that his formidable colleague lately not only sketched out a revolutionary electoral measure, but announced that the most insignificant and worthless of existing minorities consisted in the few hundred persons who constitute the House of Lords; yet Lord HARTINGTON selected for especial approval Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN's denunciation of the usurpation of minorities. The Whig Minister appears on this occasion to have abdicated even the modest pretensions which he advanced on behalf of his party. It is to be hoped that on some future occasion he may admit that at Accrington, as at Manchester, he "perhaps said too much."

Between the dates of the two speeches there was a curious episode which may or may not have been connected with Lord HARTINGTON's singular change of tone. In an article which had the usual marks of official communication, the *Times* plainly intimated that, if Lord HARTINGTON was not sound on the question of reform, he must make room for a more thoroughgoing successor. The same article contained a statement which, if it was true, could only have been founded on a breach of official confidence, that Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet confided to his colleagues a Franchise Bill which he is preparing. The charge of extraordinary reticence has since been repeated, though, except as a matter of curiosity, the disclosure of the secret seems to be useless. If the Cabinet is compelled to wait patiently till the PRIME MINISTER thinks that it can be trusted with his intended policy, politicians outside the privileged circle have no call to protest or to interfere. The communication to the paper was apparently made by some Radical member of the Government, as it contained a threat to Lord HARTINGTON; but it is difficult to suppose that any member of the most favoured section of the Cabinet would venture to find fault with his chief. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE has communicated with his colleagues, or reserved his confidence for the present, his decision on the principles and details of the forthcoming measure will be decisive and final. There is, unfortunately, little reason to hope that he will appreciate the difficulties which lately appeared formidable to Lord HARTINGTON, and which have not even now entirely disappeared. It is not even certain that a cynical argument, which is by some deemed conclusive in favour of the Irish demands for an extension of the franchise, may not under some rhetorical or sentimental disguise commend itself to Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment. Mr. PARNELL and Mr. HEALY have already given notice that they will defeat by familiar processes of obstruction any Franchise Bill which is confined to Great Britain. The Radicals who infer that it is therefore necessary to propose a uniform measure are not ignorant that they are admitting the right or power of the professed enemies of England to control Imperial legislation. If Mr. GLADSTONE yields to the threat, he will probably attempt to persuade himself and others that he is only pursuing a career of conciliation under the influence of just and benevolent motives.

It is scarcely worth while to refer to the miscellaneous topics with which Lord HARTINGTON dealt in his Accrington speech. Like other apologists for himself and Lord RIPON, he wholly fails to answer the conclusive arguments against the ILBERT Bill. It was not to be expected that he would recognize the tardy and complete fulfilment of the prophetic warnings which were uttered at the time of the abolition of the Double Government. In the present case the interests of India have been sacrificed to English party interests, with an open defiance of right which could not have been anticipated four-and-twenty years ago. The alarmists had sufficient reason for their fear of interference on the part of the House of Commons. There were then no Caucuses to sacrifice the rights and feelings of English residents in India to the vilest uses of faction. The refusal of English workmen, at the dictation of the Radical managers, to recognize the wishes of their comrades in India is a graver symptom of danger than Lord HARTINGTON's official carelessness. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has conferred exclusive political power on the poorest and least competent section of the community, Indian and colonial politics will probably depend wholly on the caprice of domestic factions and the interests of demagogues.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE agreement—or perhaps it would be more strictly correct to say the provisional agreement—which the Shipowners' Association have concluded with M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS, started with one great and obvious advantage in its favour. It was practically certain that it would compare favourably with the abortive Government convention. With such a foil it must have been a preternaturally bad or foolish artist who could not turn out something at least attractive at first sight. Nor is it to be denied that the

attraction is not merely passing. The pecuniary advantages in matter of tariff and distribution of profits are very considerable, and they are not only greater, but more immediate, than those for which Mr. CHILDERS stipulated. To say that ten directors out of thirty-two is not a vastly more influential proportion than three out of twenty-four is to disclaim for the sayer all acquaintance with arithmetic and with common sense. The London office is a gain; the arrangement whereby the facilitating of transit is to be decided by a committee of experts on which England will be fully represented is a gain; the retreat on the part of the Company from its present position of being liable for nothing, and ready to take everything implied in the Sixth Article, is a great gain. If the promise to employ English-speaking officials is not very definite and not very satisfactory, Mr. CHILDERS could show nothing better. And, lastly, it has to be remembered that these promised advantages are to be given without the enormous and incomprehensible sacrifice of English money which Mr. GLADSTONE sanctioned; without the gratuitous prolongation of the Company's rights and claims, whatever they are; and, above all, without the mischievous endorsement of those rights and claims which, though it did not formally appear in the Government scheme, was informally appended to it. It is not true, as has been said both in France and in England, that the shipowners have recognized M. DE LESSEPS's monopoly; they have simply promised to give him the job of doubling the Canal if necessary as far as they are concerned. And they have formally put on record their opinion that proper representation of English capital ought to be given independently of the concessions now made. One of the numerous Lessepsian *communiqués* to the papers has it that M. DE LESSEPS considers his present concessions absolute and final. It is sufficient to point to the text to which his son and representative has affixed his signature to show that the other parties to the bargain do nothing of the kind, and that their refusal to do this is engrossed in the instrument itself.

So much may fairly be said for the agreement. But it is by no means a wholly satisfactory agreement; and, considering the parties to it and their position, it could hardly be expected to be so. It has the drawback that both in origin and in character it expresses the view that the question is merely or mainly a shipowners' question, which it has over and over again been demonstrated not to be. The shipowners can hardly be blamed for this; but it is undoubtedly unsatisfactory. On one point the old agreement had distinctly the better of the new, and that is the appointment of an English Inspector of Navigation, who does not now figure. Preposterous, moreover, as were the terms on which English capital was to be put at M. DE LESSEPS's service, the more excellent way of retaining the employment of the capital, but insisting on a proper return for it, has been ignored by the shipowners. The consequence is, that not only are no political advantages secured for the country, but the merely commercial advantages which are secured are, in the strict and older sense of the word, precarious entirely. What M. DE LESSEPS has given, M. DE LESSEPS can take away; and, with no impoliteness to our late distinguished guest, the main object of the negotiations ought to have been to put this questionable omnipotence out of M. DE LESSEPS's reach. The greatest and most glaring anomaly of the whole matter—that the votes possessed by the holders of nearly half the concern are about as numerous as those possessed by a tolerably prosperous Parisian shopkeeper who has invested his savings in "Suez"—remains untouched, though not, it is true, unnoticed or unprotected against. It is impossible not to remember that, though the new English decemvirate of directors, consisting in great part of men of business, will be far more influential than the old triumvirate of dummies, it will still be outvoteable at M. DE LESSEPS's goodwill and pleasure. The *comité consultatif* which in another capacity seven of the ten are to form can with the greatest ease not be consulted, or, if consulted, its counsels can with equal ease be ignored. The "increase to a large extent of officials speaking English" is perfectly vague, and it is quite possible that it might be liberally construed in the letter, and yet utterly nullified in the spirit. An American, for instance, strongly afflicted with Anglophobia would not be a pleasant official for Englishmen to have to deal with; yet that he would be an English-speaking official within the meaning of the Act nobody can possibly deny.

It may be said that these suggestions are tinged with an

exaggerated suspicion, and that if bargains were to be made in such a spirit no bargains at all would be possible. Unfortunately a document which has appeared in reference to this very matter shows that it is not unjust or ungenerous to look pretty narrowly at agreements with the Suez Canal Company. M. DE LESSEPS's replies to Captain RICE's charges are not calculated to inspire confidence of an enthusiastic kind in those persons who follow the not unreasonable practice of judging the future by the past. For instance, audacity is a delightful and valuable quality. But when M. DE LESSEPS meets the charge of favouring French ships—a charge founded on statistics of the actual transit time—with the reply that this only shows that French vessels are faster than English, he is perhaps adopting the Dantonian recommendation rather too literally. In the first place, the statement is absurd in itself, and in the second, as there is supposed to be a maximum, and a very low maximum, speed for all vessels using the Canal, it is utterly inapplicable. The possessor of a fertility of resource such as this is surely not wronged when his partners in such a very complicated game as the proposed changes in the Canal management object to having much room left for the operations of that fertility. It is unnecessary and would be tedious to go through M. DE LESSEPS's other replies; it is sufficient to say that (especially those referring to the complaints about tugs and to the absence of skilled naval officers among the Canal employés) they are exposed to very much the same strictures as those just passed in the matter of the *Speed v. Favour* question. Indeed, it may probably be said, with the approval of most people who know and use the Canal, that Captain RICE's complaints remain in effect unanswered. It is therefore not unjustifiable to look with some misgiving on the probable working of the new agreement. The clause, for instance, about the increase of English-speaking officials does not gain in attractiveness by being read in juxtaposition with M. DE LESSEPS's answer to Captain RICE in reference to the present constitution of the pilot body. There is, however, no need to insist further on these details. For, after all, as has been said, the main point against the agreement is not that its details are unsatisfactory from the commercial point of view, but that, satisfactory or unsatisfactory, they are drawn up, and in the nature of the case could not but be drawn up, from the commercial point of view only. M. DE LESSEPS is still in the position of a beneficent autocrat, *octroyant* a rather cheaper and more convenient passage over the road to India to the owners of India, the owners in large proportion of the road itself, the present masters of Egypt, the customers without whose custom the Canal would be bankrupt to-morrow. This is an absurd position, a mischievous position, and a position altogether intolerable. Nor is it in any serious degree affected by the concessions now announced. But it may be fairly granted that the shipowners, if they have not strengthened the position of the country, have, unlike the Government, done nothing to weaken it, and that they may plead that if the country will do nothing for them, they cannot be expected to go out of their way to do very much for the country. The failure of the Convention, no doubt, made M. DE LESSEPS in one way more ready to listen to reason, but its existence, if only as a transient historical fact, has no doubt made him in another way less willing to listen to reason than he otherwise would have been. If, in Mr. LAMETON's famous words, England could "get another Government," there would be no difficulty at all.

ENGLAND AND THE PENINSULA.

OUR old allies the Portuguese are in the habit of letting us know at intervals of a year or so exactly what they think of us. It is, indeed, scarcely a year since they gave us the last proof of their friendship. The English Government, having found it necessary to provide for the defence of its subjects engaged in trade on the Congo, took the proper steps; and thereupon all Portugal, at least all Portugal which writes in newspapers, absolutely blazed with fury. The Cortes showed its patriotic indignation by promptly repudiating the national obligations, and thereby asserting the dignity of their illustrious kingdom. Later we have learnt that, when a Portuguese court has a chance of deciding on a maritime case in which Englishmen are engaged, it has one rule of procedure, and acts on a lumi-

nous principle. The Englishman must in every case be found to be in the wrong—justice and the evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Now it appears that they have another grievance, and are airing it with all their accustomed sense of the becoming. As very careful readers of the daily papers are aware the Crown Prince of PORTUGAL has lately been on a visit to this country. As far as most of us are aware, he has been received very much as other members of Royal families are who do not happen to be personally distinguished, or are not such a raree-show as His Majesty the Shah of PERSIA. He has been put up at Claridge's, and invited to dinner by his distant cousins the PRINCE OF WALES and the Dukes of EDINBURGH and CAMBRIDGE. He has been conducted over arsenals, manufactories, and show-places in general, and everything has apparently gone on in the usual way. Looked at from Lisbon, these things have a very different appearance. The CROWN PRINCE has, so everybody at Lisbon sees, been most grossly insulted. What invitations he has received have been quite insufficient, and invitations which should have been sent have been withheld. He has not only not been invited to lodge in Buckingham Palace, but has had to pay a bill of 50,000 reis—that is, about ten pounds sterling—every day at Claridge's. There are mysterious and ugly stories about illuminations, and a ball and an invitation which never came; altogether it is a repetition on a larger scale of the hissing and hooting of the noble Paris mob, and the English people may consider themselves reprimanded and reduced to that level accordingly. The explanation of this brutal conduct is obvious to every discerning person in Lisbon and Madrid. It is all our resentment at a certain Germano-Portuguese alliance, of which no Englishman ever yet saw the face in the mirror of imagination—to adopt the style of HADJI BABA as most appropriate to these remarkable circumstances. Don EMILIO CASTELAR is as ready as ever, and has his reading of the riddle pat. "England," as he says in his luminous, statesmanlike style, "sees with disgust the projected alliances of the Latin countries with the Northern Empires." It pains Don EMILIO to see "the arrogance of England" offer the cold shoulder, and not the appropriate stanza, to the princely offspring of BRAGANZA. We have all heard of the alliance between the giant and the dwarf; but it is not on record that their enemies cherished a particular resentment against the latter. Besides, we are under the impression that the giant is on the whole our friend, and has no reason to be anything else. We have the belief, too, that the giant is, as the strong usually are, quiet and not given to needless breaking of heads. Therefore we have no objection to his making what friends he pleases.

The case is not one calling for serious argument or expostulation. If the spiteful gabble of the Portuguese and the solemn nonsense of Don EMILIO CASTELAR are entitled to any attention, it is certainly not because of their intrinsic importance. Nations which have had losses may be allowed to console themselves by tall talk, and the indulgence is particularly due when the losses include intelligence, energy, and self-respect. As for Don EMILIO, we have his like at home—less fluent, less magniloquent, and less foolish, but essentially the same. The far-sighted journalist who foresees every possible combination, who has ideas about the reconstruction of Poland, and can almost tell us when to expect the return of the Coccigruis, is a well-known figure. On the whole, it is safest to conclude that this storm in a teacup only means that all Portuguese love big words, and that their journalists love to play at dealing with large questions. It is as well, however, not to overlook the fact that abuse of England is always well received in Spain or Portugal. We find it hard to understand why we should be particularly disliked by peoples who, as we put it, are under particular obligations to us. The version of the story accepted in the Peninsula is altogether different. There are few Spaniards or Portuguese who are aware of the existence of England at all, who do not firmly believe that we have used them as tools and grown rich at their expense. Even now we are supposed to be slowly sucking their blood by a nefarious system of usury. It is an article of faith with most Spaniards that if the smuggling trade at Gibraltar, which is entirely in their own hands, could be put a stop to, the whole commercial prosperity of England would vanish as rapidly as a ghost at cockcrow. The average Portuguese has learnt from the long alliance between the

countries to hold similar opinions in a more pronounced form. His view of the relations between Portugal and England is somewhat like the delusion of the coloured gentlemen of Barbadoes who distinguished themselves at a certain dignity ball.

It will be at least prudent to keep these opinions and this hostility in mind at the present moment. From the reports in the papers it appears that negotiations have again been begun for a treaty of commerce with Spain, and that the way has been prepared for it by a very large concession on the part of England, for which no sufficient equivalent has been given. The Spaniards, as is well known, have long complained that the English system of import dues on wine has weighed heavily upon their commerce. Spanish wine is very alcoholic, and little or none of it contains less than 26 degrees. It is obvious therefore that the cheap wines of Spain are at a disadvantage as compared with the French, which pay only a shilling a gallon, since they cannot be imported without payment of custom dues, which they are not high-priced enough to bear. People who are acquainted with the ordinary cheap wines of the Peninsula will incline to the opinion that the grievance is almost imaginary. No matter how cheap it may be, the "vino comun" of Spain will not be drunk in England until it has been made much more drinkable. Some ground of complaint the Spaniards have had, however, and in retaliation they put penal duties on English imported goods. Negotiations for a treaty were begun last year, but broken off, because the Spaniards refused to make any concession. Now it appears that the English Government has decided to yield. The scale of alcoholic strength up to which the one shilling per gallon duty only will be levied is to be raised from 26 degrees to 30 degrees. In return the Spaniards will again put English trade on the footing of the most favoured nation. Later on, a commercial treaty will be made which it is hoped will further improve our position. It is, perhaps, early to decide whether the negotiations have even got so far, but the report may be accepted as probable. Anything which seems to promise an increased freedom of trade is sure to be welcomed in England, and the concession of the Government will certainly not be unpopular. It may nevertheless be doubted whether we shall obtain any considerable concessions from the Spaniards to compensate for the disturbance certain to be caused to the Revenue. The "most favoured nations" are allowed to import as little as possible into Spain, and it is very doubtful whether our trade will be sensibly increased by the abolition of the penal dues. It is still more doubtful whether we shall obtain any further relaxation of the Spanish tariff. The protectionist party is strong everywhere, and has the enthusiastic support of the Catalans—by far the richest and most energetic portion of the Spanish people. The leaders of this party will be able to point to the raising of the alcoholic scale as a proof that England may be trusted to yield to pressure, and is totally unable to retaliate. It would be foolish to shirk the fact that nobody can feel confident of the continued existence of any Spanish Government or of its fidelity to its engagements. If at any future day the Spaniards think themselves entitled to fresh concessions, they will have no scruple in endeavouring to extort them by reimposing the penal dues.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE meeting of the American Congress causes little of the excitement or anxiety which attends the beginning of an English Parliamentary Session. On the present occasion no important legislative measure is proposed, and in ordinary times the House of Representatives exercises but little supervision over domestic or foreign policy, while the Senate concerns itself principally with the distribution of patronage. Until lately the Session which immediately preceded a Presidential election excited a certain interest by the indications which were afforded of the probable result of the impending contest; but general attention has lately been principally fixed on the comparative claims of three or four competitors for the office of Speaker. The appointment rested with the Democrats, who represent a large majority in the House; and the party had no difficulty in finding presentable candidates. Mr. RANDALL, who has held the office before, Mr. CARLISLE, and Mr. COX were perhaps equally competent to preside over the debates; but at the present moment the choice was not without political significance. The

real question at issue was, whether the Democratic party would be well advised in preferring a Protectionist or a supporter of a revenue tariff as its nominee for the Presidency. By an arrangement, which seems to foreigners in some respects anomalous, the Speaker appoints all the Committees of the House, including those which control or originate commercial and fiscal legislation. It was known that Mr. RANDALL would use the power for the purpose of preventing changes in the present tariff; and, consequently, his election would have implied that the Democratic party was not prepared to cast itself loose from the cause of domestic monopoly. The division which has long existed in the party will probably continue for some time longer, with the result of leaving the question open. For the present, the bulk of the Republican party professes to be satisfied with the election of Mr. CARLISLE as Speaker. They hope that the declaration of the Democratic majority of the House in favour of a revenue tariff will alienate the Protectionist section of the party. The Republicans, on their part, are not wholly unanimous in their support of protective duties. When the time comes for a sweeping change there will probably be a reconstruction of parties.

The next Presidential election will be decided on the usual principle, by a mere trial of strength; and the chances are at present in favour of the Democrats. A recent victory in Virginia furnishes reasonable ground for the expectation that they will secure every Southern State. The defeat of MAHONEY, who was regarded on plausible grounds as a traitor to his party, is peculiarly acceptable to the orthodox Democrats. His election as Senator had been obtained by a proposal to repudiate a part of the State debt by a process which was called readjustment. In the Senate MAHONEY, though he was nominally a Democrat, constantly acted with the Republicans; and in return for his vote he was allowed to dispose of the Federal patronage in his State. It seems to be understood that Virginia will now return to its former party allegiance. Another contest, though it was decided in favour of the Republican candidate, has relieved the Democratic party from the claims of a dangerous pretender to the Presidency. General BUTLER has been defeated in Massachusetts, though by a narrow majority, and he is therefore not considered eligible as a nominee; yet he has effected so many political surprises in his time that he may perhaps once more disappoint general expectation. His singular career has proved that he possesses extraordinary versatility and vigour. Before the war he was a Democrat; he has since been leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives; and General GRANT, who was then President, revoked an appointment to one of the highest posts in the public service merely because his nominee was personally unfriendly to General BUTLER. His next appearance was as the leader of the Greenback repudiators, and as the ally of the anarchist Californian adventurer KEARNEY. After all his changes, General BUTLER was elected by a Democratic majority Governor of Massachusetts; and if he had obtained re-election he would have been largely supported at the next year's Convention as Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

The party will now perhaps select Mr. TILDEN, who was deprived by a fraud of the Presidency in 1876; but it is never prudent to anticipate with confidence the result of a nominating Convention. General HANCOCK, who was the Democratic candidate in 1880, is generally respected; but some of his supporters resented a letter published during the contest in which he avowed Protectionist opinions. The Republican party will not repeat the mistake of proposing General Grant for a third term of office. Mr. BLAINE, Mr. CONKLING, and Mr. SHERMAN perhaps still retain the favour of their respective followers; but their notoriety has lately abated with the termination of the internal dissensions of the party. It is not impossible that Mr. ARTHUR may obtain a renomination. At the last election he was chosen Vice-President, in reward of the services which he had rendered to the Republicans as an astute party manager. Since his succession to General GARFIELD he has exhibited prudence and discretion; and he has the more definite merit of having administered with good faith the new regulations affecting the Civil Service. The heads of departments have been instructed to recommend candidates for promotion on the ground of merit, without reference to political connexion. It must be difficult for a veteran politician to discontinue the employment of the familiar machinery of patronage. The

coarse Democratic demagogue who long since invented the phrase of "the spoils to the victors" has been imitated by all his successors of both parties almost down to the present time. The public opinion which has of late years been slowly forming in favour of a more decorous system seems at last to have prevailed over the popular tradition. It remains to be seen whether, in the absence of great political issues, it will be possible to keep parties together without the bond of personal interest. Mr. ARTHUR, if he should be re-elected, will have some advantages in trying the new experiment. A Democratic successor, after more than twenty years of Republican supremacy, will be subject to adverse pressure from his party. It will be plausibly contended that the Republicans who fill nearly all public offices deserve little credit for objecting to arbitrary changes. It is not surprising that speculations as to the result of next year's election should excite greater interest than the formal address of the actual PRESIDENT to Congress.

The American people may well hear with complacency the repetition year after year of commonplace congratulations which are always well-founded. The Republic is the richest, the strongest, and, if average intelligence is regarded, perhaps the most enlightened of all civilized communities. There is no foreign enemy to fear; and the vast extent of the Union renders even the absurd fiscal policy comparatively innocuous. Perfect Free-trade among fifty millions of producers and consumers thinly scattered over an enormous area corrects in some degree the evils which result from the discouragement of foreign trade. The only financial difficulties arise from a too abundant revenue, collected from taxpayers, not because it is required, but on account of its indirect results. The danger of social revolution, which weighs on almost every country in Europe, is contemplated in America with well-founded indifference. In no part of the world is wilder nonsense talked by demagogues, and on some occasions subversive doctrines have produced local disturbances of order; but where the great majority of the population has something to lose, and where the remainder may reasonably expect to acquire property, there is no risk of serious attempts at public robbery or so-called nationalization. Nowhere else is society in such a condition of stable equilibrium. Occasional scandals and anomalies penetrate little way below the surface.

It is not known that Congress in the present Session will have any important business to transact, though the PRESIDENT recommends a certain fiscal policy, and even refers to a future modification of the tariff. The alterations which were made last year have not yet been practically tested; and neither party is prepared to introduce a new commercial system. The laws and regulations affecting the Civil Service cannot yet require amendment; and there is no agitation on any subject. The PRESIDENT displays some ingenuity in finding sufficient material for a series of references to foreign policy. The precautions against pauper immigration which he recommends belong to the province rather of domestic legislation than of diplomacy. Questions about fisheries and other trifling differences occasionally furnish ground for negotiation; but there is happily no ground of quarrel between England and the United States. A quarter of a century ago no Presidential Message was thought complete without the use of menaces or complaints which have long since been forgotten. The meeting of Congress is now anticipated without uneasiness, either at home or abroad, though the old fashion of professing to wish that the Session was at an end is still not altogether discontinued. At present there is not even an opportunity of applying or re-affirming the MONROE doctrine. The end of the war between Chili and Peru would reduce Mr. BLAINE himself, if he were in office, to a condition of non-interference.

FRANCE AND TONQUIN.

STATE Papers about the French difficulty in Tonquin continue to accumulate, but the quarrel is very much where it was months ago. M. FERRY makes speeches and advances entirely unfounded assertions, the Marquess TSENG publishes his despatches, and then comes a ponderous Yellow-book; but at the end of it all nobody is any wiser than he was before. After all this talk it is obvious that both parties are unwilling to fight, and that they are not the less drifting into a position which will make war inevitable. France will not retire till it has obtained some

solid compensation for the losses it has already suffered and the trouble it has taken. What that compensation is we have not been told. If the Chinese are better informed, which is doubtful, they are manifestly of opinion that it is something which cannot be conceded. In all probability, the Chinese are no better informed than the European journalist, for the very satisfactory reason that the French do not know themselves. M. LÉON RENAULT's Committee think that a compromise may be made if France gains some striking success; but it has apparently not suggested itself to these gentlemen that the victory they hope for might well be only the beginning of still more serious troubles. A good-natured Russian critic has been at the pains to explain to the French that, if they really wish to damage China seriously, they can easily do it by helping the rebels who are sure to make their appearance whenever the Empire gets into difficulties. This ingenious Russian gentleman is doubtless perfectly in the right; but the princes and nobles who govern China may be trusted to see that for themselves. They may reasonably draw the conclusion that the French would be such formidable neighbours that it would be better to fight them at once. If they are fought while they are at a distance, they may be kept at a distance; whereas if they once reach the frontier of Yunnan, they will be always at hand to hold just that portion of the population of the Empire which is most disposed to rebel. If the mandarins really think that they may have to choose between fighting the French alone or the French in alliance with rebels, they may reasonably select the former as the less dangerous course. It is this uncertainty as to the future which makes the situation so dangerous. On neither side is there any apparent readiness to undertake a war except as the alternative to something worse. For France that something is an ignominious retreat; for China it is the immediate neighbourhood of a strong, active, and meddlesome European Power. Unfortunately, France can hardly retreat now without disgrace, or save itself except by doing what China will look upon as an intolerable provocation.

The methods of French diplomacy are not of a kind to reassure Chinese statesmen. After reading some of the later despatches now published in the Yellow-book, they may find cause to be afraid of the *distinguo* of M. FERRY. When that stern and virtuous Republican was asked what he meant by saying in last October that the possession of Tonquin was the object for which the French were fighting, he hastened to offer explanations which are well calculated to make the rulers of China reflect seriously on the dangers of having a French force anywhere within striking distance of their frontier. "By the possession of Tonquin," said M. FERRY, "all I mean is the right to buy and sell in peace." The French wish to see the treaty of 1874 with Annam properly executed, and that does not give them the sovereignty over Tonquin; it really only provides for their right to protect their traders. To make his meaning perfectly plain, M. FERRY points out that he has also talked of "the conquest of China, of her four hundred million consumers, which conquest was to be effected by European products and producers." He asks the Marquess TSENG to compare these two statements, and remember that France has of course no intention of conquering China. If he will only do that, he will see that it cannot possibly have any designs of an unpleasant character on Tonquin. It is very possible that the Chinese Ambassador and his Government may draw quite a different conclusion. They may reasonably say that "the possession of Tonquin," however harmless these words may be intended to be, has practically resulted in the presence of M. HARMAND, and General BOUET's soldiers and Admiral COURBET's gunboats on the Red River. A claim to trade has grown with astounding rapidity into a war for dominion, or something so like it that the unassisted human intellect can see no difference. In exactly the same way "the conquest of China" by means of "European products and producers" may mean something much less innocent than *articles de Paris* and light wines. The products may take the form of gunboats, and the producers may be represented by generals or admirals. A uniform experience has taught Orientals that European traders have a way of bringing garrisons after them. The Chinese can have no wish to see their country made the subject of an attempt to imitate the formation of the British Empire in India.

Meanwhile, though a compromise is still talked about and is even still possible, neutral European Powers are reported to be taking their measures for a war. An outbreak of

violence against foreigners is among its most probable consequences. Neutrals settled in the Treaty ports might be made to suffer for the French. As a precaution against this danger, Germany is reported to have proposed a naval demonstration in front of Canton. It is self-evident that European Powers and the Government of the United States will have to take some measures to protect traders settled in Chinese ports; but the mere preparation for taking the necessary steps brings us at once to the most serious of all the possible consequences of a war between France and China. The Treaty ports are parts of the Chinese Empire, and France would have a technical right to bombard or blockade them in case of war. Is the interference of neutrals to extend to preventing a bombardment or blockade? If it is, the so-called neutrals will undoubtedly render most effectual aid to China. If it does not, it is only too likely that the Chinese will make no distinction between foreigners of one race and another; and in that case the necessity of active interference will be forced on every civilized nation which has interests in the country. The radical change which has been made in the position of foreign States towards China is not the least offensive result of French policy in the East. Hitherto all civilized nations have acted together in dealing with the Chinese, and had succeeded in arriving at a peaceful arrangement of their relations. Thanks to the colonial policy of M. FERRY, that will no longer be the case. There must either be division among Europeans, and then China will be able to play off one against the other to the damage of all; or else neutrals will be compelled to take part in hostilities which they have not provoked and by which they must necessarily suffer serious loss. A unanimous declaration that no interference with neutral trade would be tolerated would be the simplest course under the circumstances, as well as a legitimate measure of self-defence. It would be justified, if any further justification were needed, by the ambiguity with which the French have been pleased to cover their proceedings. Such a step is, for obvious reasons, not likely to be taken; and it is therefore all the more necessary that the British squadron in Chinese waters should be strengthened so as to bear some proportion to the interests it will have to defend.

ITALIAN POLITICS.

WE have before us a curious speech recently delivered at Palermo by Signor CRISPI. This gentleman, as many of our readers may know, is one of the leaders of the new, as he was of the old, Party of the Left in Italy. In former days he was an associate of MAZZINI; but, like nearly all the associates of the great agitator, was drawn from his side by the perception that the Monarchical party could, and the Democratic party could not, redeem and unify Italy. He sat in opposition in the Italian Chamber during the long period in which the Right held office; and when, in the year 1876, the Left for the first time came into power, was esteemed one of the leaders of his party. From 1876 until recently the history of that party has consisted in no small measure of internal intrigues among the various sections of which it is composed; and few persons have memories good enough to recall the various changes of Ministry which have taken place within the last seven years, the Left all along remaining in power. Signor CRISPI was at one time Minister of the Interior; but, owing to reasons into which we do not care to enter, was compelled to resign office. Till lately the Left has been in name, though not in reality, a homogeneous party, and the premiership in Italy has alternated between its two chief members, Signor DEPRETIS and Signor CAIROLI. The most noticeable achievement of the Left was to change the franchise from a very limited one to one exceedingly democratic; but this can hardly be called a party victory, inasmuch as a large portion of the Right agreed to the measure in principle. The general election which followed did not destroy the supremacy of the Left; but as time went on it became clear that reasonable men in all parts of the country were tired of a policy the aim and spirit of which seemed to consist only in the perpetual substitution of one Minister for another. The result has been a schism in the ranks. Signor CRISPI, Signor CAIROLI (ex-Prime Minister), and Signor NICOTERA, besides two other ex-Ministers, have with their respective followers formed a new party of their own, while Signor DEPRETIS, with his followers, now receive the friendly support of a

large portion of the Right. It is recognized that the Right, being in a minority both in Parliament and in the country, and the Left being hopelessly torn by internal factions, some such arrangement among the more moderate men on both sides is, at least for the present, the best that can be found.

We have often pointed out in these columns that no vital differences now separate parties in Italy; nor are such differences likely to arise until the Clerical party comes forward into politics in a body, and with a definite programme. Let us see, now, what grounds Signor CRISPI and his friends have to give for adding one more to the countless schisms which distract the Italian Chamber. In the first place, he alleges that Clericalism is the enemy which the new party is to withstand. To most people it will appear that Clericalism has had in Italy an amount of withstanding which might satisfy anybody who did not wish to apply the old formula of "drowning the kings in the blood of the priests." Never in all history has the Catholic Church received harder blows than during the present generation in Italy, and at the hands of statesmen whom Signor CRISPI would regard as Conservatives. But although he represents it still as the most dangerous of all enemies, he has nothing to suggest beyond the vague phrase of "opposing it." "What," he asks, "can you oppose to this vast creation "which has no earthly limits, and which pursues men even "into the heavens?" The newspapers, he says, cannot do so, because so few people read them. The Democratic Associations cannot, because many have broken up and many others are in a state of confusion. Honest individuals are few, and are without ideas in common. The Government does nothing. What, then, we may ask, is to be the remedy for this alarming state of things? "Call together," he says, "men of good intention (*di buona volontà*). But it is clear that, if they are few and have no ideas in common, much good cannot come from calling them together. And if the mass of the people will not read the papers, and the Democratic Associations are in the habit of breaking up and, till then, of being in confusion, it is equally clear that either the Italian people are so little interested in serious politics that the well-organized Clerical party can gain an easy victory over them, or else that this party is not the bugbear that Signor CRISPI makes it out to be. The truth of the matter is that neither is the case. The average Italian takes, it is true, little interest, and still less active part, in politics; but one thing he has done, and would in case of need do again, and that is most promptly to put an end to any active endeavours on the part of the Vatican to regain what it has lost. The object of the skilful abstinence of the Catholic party from taking any share in Italian politics was not only that it declined to recognize the new state of things in Italy, but also, and still more, to allow the disorganization of the Chamber to go from bad to worse. Had a compact body of Clerical deputies been present in the Chamber, there would have existed a genuine Conservative or reactionary party, round which all the Conservative and reactionary elements in the country could have grouped themselves. But they, by order of PIUS IX., abstained from politics. *Nè eletti nè elettori* was their maxim. The consequence was that the Chamber for years consisted of men among whom there was little difference of principle, with the natural result that personal motives and intrigues took the place which should have been held by public objects.

We have looked in vain through the programme of the "New Left," and through the speech of Signor CRISPI, to find anything but personal ambition and vanity to explain the foundation of a new party. The programme is set forth in vague and general terms, and contains hardly anything to which reasonable men of every party would not gladly subscribe. To attend to the needs of the poor, to resist aggression on the part of the Church, to be inspired by principles of justice and humanity, to render the country prosperous at home and respected abroad, and to do many other things of the same kind, is exactly what men of each and every party are always anxious to profess. But for this very reason such professions give us no criterion by which to distinguish one party from another. Nor, in the speech by which Signor CRISPI expounds his programme, do we find much to help us out of our difficulty. Where he is definite, there he is absurd. Thus, speaking of the clergy, he declares that its function is "prayer and prayer "only," and adds that not only education and other such offices, but works of charity, the conversion of sinners, and the teaching of morality, belong entirely to the State. This is surely the most original definition of the respective

functions of Church and State which has ever been invented. The speech in question, we may remark, is entitled "La Buona Novella," or "Glad Tidings." We are told therein that the "Moderates" have a thirst for power, which we conceive to be false as regards Italy and untrue as a general historical fact—a thirst for power being characteristic of extreme men of whatever party. He goes on to say that society cannot exist without religion; but if the Church is to do nothing but pray, it follows that all the other functions of a Church must be undertaken by the State—which can only mean that the State itself must become theocratic. The State, therefore, is to inculcate religion and administer the sacraments, while the Church is to pray hard for it all the time. Such nonsense can an orator talk and an audience swallow. But how a clever man can revise the proofs of such a speech and publish it in a printed form passes our comprehension. We read further that "immoral Governments, and those which are 'without the sentiment of justice, lead States to perdition,'" which assertion was received with loud cheering. To such maxims, of which the speech chiefly consists, every person, whether his views are Imperial, Monarchical, Republican, or Communistic, will readily assent; though it needs a peculiar audience to greet such truisms with loud applause. We cannot find in the speech any justification whatever of the new party, though this was its avowed object. Beyond a little crude nonsense, which sane men of all parties would reject, we find nothing in it but vague generalities with which sane men of all parties could agree. But it is significant as an illustration of the vice which has been for ages inherent in Italian political life, and which, more than anything else, brought about the ruin of Italy in the sixteenth century—the vice of regarding men only and not measures also. It displays also another and hardly less pernicious vice—that of what is termed "Regionalismo." The new Left is, in a special degree, the party of the South—that is to say, of the least educated, both politically and morally, among the provinces of Italy. During the last twenty years this has been a most constant and important fact in Italian politics. The most capable, moral, and civilized portion of the country has been more and more under the control of the baser part of the population. It was not without reason that CAVOUR deplored the inevitable necessity of annexing the South. The necessity was inevitable; but it will be long before the true Italy of the North and Centre will be genuinely united with the half-spurious population of the South.

MR. DOBBS'S VICTORY.

THERE is reason to fear that the great majority of London householders have been pluming themselves to no purpose upon the decision in *DOBBS v. The Grand Junction Waterworks Company*. They know that wherever the water-rate has hitherto been assessed upon the gross annual value of a house, it must now be assessed on the net annual value, and they naturally assume that they, equally with Mr. DOBBS, will benefit by his victory over the common enemy. In establishing, upon the authority of the House of Lords, that the Water Companies are wrong, and that in future the net value is the only value that can be taken into account, Mr. DOBBS has not only, they think, saved himself some 4*l.* a year, but has also conferred a proportionate benefit upon every one of his brother-householders, and thus brought up the loss to the shareholders in the various Companies to quite a respectable figure. By rights, of course, this last consequence ought to give pleasure to no one; but the relations between the Water Companies and the public have of late become so tense that it is by no means certain that to many householders the shareholders' loss is not almost as much an object of desire as their own gain. It is painful to have to say that the greater part of this exultation is altogether without foundation. Mr. DOBBS has won his cause, and the point at issue between him and the Water Company was exactly what it has been stated to be. But Mr. DOBBS's triumph will only be shared by those who are in Mr. DOBBS's identical position. Wherever the occupier is also the owner, whether of the freehold or of a ground lease, there the judgment given yesterday week will apply. The occupier pays no rent; the "annual value" is, consequently, the basis on which the water-rate is to be calculated; and the House of Lords has now decided that by

annual value is meant net value. But by far the larger number of London householders own neither the freehold nor the ground lease of their house. All that they have is the ordinary lease for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years. Now the important incident of a lease of this kind is that the tenant pays rent, and, if he does, all questions about gross and net value are at once disposed of. The water-rate is to be calculated on the annual value of a house where the actual amount of the rate cannot be ascertained. Where the actual amount of the rate can be ascertained, that and not the annual value is to be the basis of the estimate. In all cases, therefore, where the payments demanded by the Water Companies before the decision of Friday week have not been expressly based on gross instead of net value they will be demanded still. The rent can be ascertained, and the question as to the exact meaning of value cannot arise.

Still, the minority of London occupiers who are also owners of their houses—at all events, in the sense that they do not pay rent—is considerable, and for their sakes as well as his own Mr. DOBBS may be congratulated. The truth is, that the system on which Londoners pay for their water is so inequitable that anything which honestly reduces the amount paid is a gain. The fact that Parliament acted without thought when it made annual value in the one case, and actual rent in the other, the basis of the water-rate, is not indeed an excuse for confiscation. The Companies have spent money on the faith that this is to remain the law, and if it is ever again proposed to buy their undertakings, the price paid must be calculated on the assumption that their earnings will continue to be made on this footing. But no amount of custom will ever make it seem reasonable that of two houses in which the same amount of water is used, one shall be charged as much again as the other because it happens to stand in a fashionable street. The hostility so generally felt to the London Water Companies will not abate so long as the price charged for water bears no relation to the amount supplied. It is satisfactory, however, to know that Mr. DOBBS's water-rate will in future be estimated on a net value of 118*l.* instead of a gross value of 140*l.* The wrong principle remains in force, but the application of it becomes somewhat less severe in his and all similar cases.

In reckoning up the blessings of which Mr. DOBBS has been the channel, we must not omit the refreshing element of common sense which Lord BRAMWELL's judgment introduced into the case. Put shortly, his reasoning comes to this. Annual value must mean net value, because, properly speaking, net value is the only value that exists. The value of a house is the sum of money which is or might be paid by the occupier and pocketed by the owner after all outgoings have been allowed for. What is paid for rates and taxes, or for repairs, or for insurance, is no part of the value. It is something that has to be deducted before the value can be got at. Gross value has no more connexion with actual value than the height of a mountain above the sea has to do with the length of the ascent from its actual base. What the traveller who proposes to climb it wants to know is how many feet he will have to mount from the level out of which it rises, and what the owner of a house wants to know is how much rent he may look for after all the expenses which he has to pay in the course of getting it have been actually paid. That is the value of the house. Gross value is an expression which is sometimes convenient because it stands for the rent before these deductions have been made. But, though the phrase is convenient, it is quite inaccurate, and it has no claim to be taken as the annual value of the house unless the Legislature has expressly enacted that it shall be so taken. In every other case value means net value. The word has had hard usage alike from lawyers and political economists, and it was time its cause should be espoused by a judge so little bound by irrational conventions as Lord BRAMWELL.

GIUOCO DEL PALLONE.

MANY games are more scientific than Pallone, but there are few which appear so striking to an un instructed spectator. A stranger who enters a tennis-court for the first time is quite unable to appreciate the skill of the players. Their finest strokes are made with apparent ease and for purposes he finds it difficult to understand. The chases and galleries, and so forth, are so many riddles which his unaided intellect is unable to solve, and he is not unlikely to mistake the worse for the better side. However fine the play may be, he soon wearies of it, unless there be some one near to explain the motive of every stroke.

Pallone, though a far simpler game, is, to the layman, a prettier sight. The lithe players, in their white linen clothes, their red or blue scarfs, and their huge knobbed gauntlets, spring with tiger-like agility to meet the hard heavy ball, and send it flying to the other end of the court with a force which every spectator can appreciate. The boldest hits are generally the best, and when one of unusual vigour is given, or an unexpected but successful bound is made, the lookers-on applaud with an enthusiasm such as Northern crowds rarely display. At moments the excitement becomes intense, and no attempt is made either to suppress or to conceal it. Even foreigners are carried away by it now and then, and those who have been present at a great match are not unlikely to return to the court as often as they have an opportunity.

An Englishman would suppose that the Italian onlookers, who take so lively an interest in the game, were themselves players; in all probability there are hardly a dozen present who ever put on a gauntlet. In these days, when a mild form of athleticism is becoming fashionable in Italy, a few of the younger members of the clubs may occasionally spend a leisure morning in play, but they never exhibit their skill in public; it is for the professionals that the courts are built and kept up. Thus, for most of its devotees Pallone is rather a show than a game; it is popular in Italy, not as cricket, but as horse-racing is popular in England. When players of celebrity meet, the betting is high, and large sums are promised them by their backers in case of victory. Under these conditions, it is not strange that ugly rumours should at times be current. It is said that the two sides will occasionally meet in private, compare the promises that have been made them, arrange the issue of the match accordingly, and then divide the profits; but no outsider can know whether there is any truth in such reports.

The pallone-court is from ninety to a hundred metres in length, and from twenty-five to thirty in breadth, and is open to the sky. The whole of this space, which must of course be kept perfectly smooth and even, is enclosed by a wall one metre high, at the right corners of which masts are placed. Besides this, there are two other walls, one to the left of the player five or six metres high, and one to his right which may be of any height; the higher it is the easier the game becomes, as the fewer balls will pass over it. The so-called *cordino in terra*—a straight line of tiles raised three centimetres above the ground—divides the inclosure into two equal parts, and along the whole left side of the court runs a covered drain, which keeps the ground dry, and also forms an important feature in the game. In earlier times it was probably an open ditch, and, as far as the rules are concerned, it still remains one, as the balls that strike the covering of the drain, as well as those which fall short of or upon the *cordino* or pass outside the corner masts, are *falli*—that is, they count against the player. At one end of the court stands the *trampolino*—a structure of elastic wood, very similar to a diving or spring board, which is about four metres long, and rises gradually to a height of sixty centimetres, the slope being towards the centre of the court.

The balls used are made of leather stuffed with chopped hay; but, before the game commences, water is forced into them, so that they become as hard, and almost as heavy, as stones. Some are about the size of a tennis, others considerably larger than a cricket ball; and which are to be used is often the most difficult point to settle in arranging a match. It is a great advantage to powerful men when the heavier balls are chosen, while those who depend on their agility and sharpness of sight rather than their muscular strength prefer the smaller ones. In striking an instrument is used which, for want of a better name, we may call a gauntlet. It is a piece of solid wood, hollowed out so as to admit the hand; a stout rod is left in the centre, which is firmly grasped; while two thin diagonal slips separate the first from the second, and the third from the fourth, finger. To Englishmen this may appear a very inconvenient arrangement, but it must be remembered the Italians even in fencing are accustomed to hold the rapier by the cross-bar of the hilt, which they tie to the wrist. The outside of the gauntlet is fashioned into a rough semblance of the human hand, and studded over with blunt knobs of harder wood, which are fastened into the original piece. The wrist and arm are also protected by thick wooden casings, which are strapped or buckled on. It is only one hand which is "sheathed" in this anything but "glittering mail," the other is left free. In general it is of course the right that bears the burden and the honour; but, strangely enough, several of the most distinguished pallone-players have been left-handed.

The regular game is played by six, there being three on each side, who are led by the *battitore*. Each party has also a *mandarino*, who gives the first ball, but takes no further part in the game. When play commences the two sides take their places at the opposite ends of the court, the *battitore* of the party which has the first innings mounts the *trampolino*, his *mandarino* throws, or rather feeds, the ball towards him, and he rushes down the *trampolino* and strikes it in the direction of his opponents with as much force and skill as he can command. If it passes the centre of the court and is not returned, so that it remains lying on the other side of the *cordino*, he scores fifteen; the second time this happens, thirty; the third, forty; the fourth ball finishes the game. Two games make a *trampolino*, and after each the parties exchange places. A match generally consists of five *trampolini* and one game for each side—that is, of twenty-two games in all.

Pallone is sometimes played by four persons, two on each side, and on such occasions a net seventy centimetres in height is

usually erected above the *cordino*; every ball caught by it is of course lost. In other respects it is played in the way that has been already described, though it has even more local variations than the regular game. In both cases the umpire is placed in a tolerably secure position at the end of the *cordino* or the net, on the left side of the court, and he is provided with an attendant, who shouts out his decisions in tones such as only Italian lungs can produce and Italian ears endure.

The three members of a team, with their *mandarino*, always play and travel together. As a rule, they are ready to meet all comers; but their excitement and that of the spectators reaches its height only when town plays against town or province against province. Thus, if three noted players from Bologna are invited to Siena, every available space in the building will be thronged for days together as they play team after team, and every event will be as eagerly expected in the city as the first news of the Derby is in London.

Pallone when thus played is, as we have already seen, essentially a game for professionals; indeed, the amateur who ventured to oppose them would be placing his life in considerable danger. Even the greatest skill cannot always prevent accidents. Not long since a *battitore* of some note made a slight slip, and the consequence was that the ball, instead of being met directly by the gauntlet, glanced upwards from it, and broke his jaw. In many parts of Italy, however, a simpler and less hazardous form of the game is popular among the boys and young men, who bandage their arms with cloths, and play with soft balls in the open fields. The more skilful of these players soon become known in the district, and they play only with or against each other. If there is a court near, the club to which it belongs will almost always allow them to use it at odd hours, when they have attained to the necessary years and experience, and they then begin to practise with the hard balls and wooden gauntlets. It is from such players that the professional class is recruited. A *battitore* whose team is imperfect, and who sees a youth of promise, will ask him to take the vacant place at times, and will often spend hours in training him. At first neither play nor instruction is allowed to interfere with the young man's regular trade. As he is not yet capable of taking a part in great encounters, he is not expected to travel far from home. If he plays in a successful match, however, he from the first receives a modest share of the winnings. Such gains are sweet, and the respect with which he is regarded by his old companions sweeter still; and so the probability is that a youth of skill and dexterity who has once begun to play with a regular team will end by himself becoming a professional player.

PREFACE TO A NEW BOOK OF SNOBS.

THAT "all human things are subject to decay" is the opinion, expressed in verse of some merit, by a member of the same University and College to which the author of the original *Book of Snobs* belonged; and it applies in measure and degree to that immortal production. As a work of art, the *Book of Snobs* is, indeed, immortal; as a work of science it needs, like other works of science, the mortal, as contrasted with art the immortal, continual adjustment to the progress of human affairs. If modesty were not the jewel on the possession of which we chiefly pride ourselves, it would be possible to quote the actual words of the original *Biblion*, to the effect that "when the times and necessities of the world call for," &c. &c. The hour certainly seems to have come for a new *Book of Snobs*, though it may be a bold thing for any man to assume that, *lui chétif*, he is the man to write it. For while the chapters of our Original (so shall it be designated in future) remain a possession and a joy for ever, so long as the reader abstains carefully from applying them to the facts of 1883, directly he goes about with his lantern in one hand and his *Book of Snobs* in the other, he finds it but an inadequate guide-book. It would seem that the very fact of having himself cited and signed, discovered after many centuries of placid and undetected existence, induced the snob—a beast as shy as the *pièce de cent sous*, whose peculiarities a contemporary satirist noted in another country—to transform himself at once. The modern observer looks for a snob of Thackeray's time, and, in the central places of this kingdom at any rate, he finds him not. Forty years have almost obliterated his traces. What, a guileless neophyte may ask, put our master and Original in such an "igstrorinary rage" (to use his own delightful phrase in another matter) with the Peerage? Who now reads Peerages? The modern snob does not eat Lord Littlebrain's toads or scrape Lord Littlebrain's trencher; on the contrary, he gets Lord Littlebrain to preside at a political meeting, and then demonstrates, to his and Lord Littlebrain's satisfaction, that the House of Lords ought to be abolished; or, after screwing a fortune out of working-men, argues gravely that Lord Littlebrain ought to be taxed in order to house them. Why did the venerated one scoff at the army and its weaknesses? At least among those weaknesses he did not discover that it could not fight, or observe that the British taxpayer preferred making it the *corpus vile* of experiments instead of working it up to technical perfection. Mr. Thackeray's snob regarded with beatitude clothing colonels, commanding officers who "horrified the regiment at an immenth expenth" with beautiful piebalds; subalterns who spent rather more than they should on champagne and claret. Where is this snob of forty

years past? The modern snob wishes it to be made penal for officers to give their old regiment a pint stoup for auld lang syne, regards *esprit de corps* as an unholy aristocratic tradition, and would, if he could, make an assembly of gentlemen live like bagmen, or rather in a fashion that the usual bagman would assuredly not put up with. Then there is the marvellous transmutation of the snob literary. In the days of the Original he seems to have prided himself on his classical education, and bored mankind with stock admiration of great writers. Now he votes Latin and Greek useless, discovers that Shakspeare could not write a play that will act, and sets down admiration for the masterpieces of the past as "sham admiration." Mr. Thackeray's politician, again, with his "Peel told me" and his "Lord John is of opinion," has gone to Kensal Green long ago with Peel and Lord John—not that either of those distinguished men, to the best of our belief, lies in the Harrow Road. His modern counterpart has had the joyful opportunity of seeing the latest circular wet from Mr. Schnadhorst's hektograph, which he will carefully repeat to any audience he may secure as an entirely original expression of confidence in the Government, springing from his own and the audience's spontaneous loyalty. If he condescends to a personal reference at all, it will be to one of those memorable glorifications of Mr. Gladstone which would have made Peel and Lord John stare, which a panting posterity will toil after in vain, and which have undoubtedly carried what geographers would call the snob's "furthest" several degrees beyond the utmost limit of hitherto recorded grovelling. In this last division alone how vast is the opportunity open to the modern snobographer! He must go beyond his immediate model. He must consult the equally immortal record which tells the names of certain Seigneurs who pleaded before my Lord Pantagruel "without advocates," in order to qualify himself from the literary and historical point of view for this task.

Before the combined difficulties of a subject so vast and a model so impossible to equal the boldest man of letters may quail. But the consideration Why should the modern snob ungalled play? is imperative. For it is one of the characteristics of the animal that he actually seeks to find his justification in the rebukes addressed to his defunct predecessor. "I am not a snob," he says. "Who can accuse me of being polite to peers? I have not got a Peerage in my library [an assertion which may perhaps be doubted]. I never take the guns from a keeper and give them to a R—y—l Pr—nce. On the contrary, I spend the greater part of my time in arguing that the R—y—l Pr—nce ought to have no guns to shoot with, and no preserves to shoot in. Let us get a great deal of water, and wash our hands of the guilt of snobbishness at once." Now it seems to be quite time to take this possibility of maltreating one class of sacred books, even as the devil maltreats others, away from the snob of 1883. Far be it from us to insinuate that his ancestor had no real existence. On the contrary, there are numerous survivals of him. At this present they are chiefly to be found in remote parts of the kingdom, where, as Mr. Gladstone knows, there is most political wisdom, and where it is by no means uncommon to hear men (usually of the Radical way of thinking) talk of the nearest grand seigneur as "His Lordship," with a bated breath not often to be observed nowadays in places where men more do congregate. But, except in these wilds, the older snobbery has been almost entirely pushed out by the new. A few private tutors, an extremely liberal and free-thinking head of a house or dean here and there, may keep up the traditions of tuft-hunting (tufts, alas! are themselves scarcely more than memories) on which the great Original was severe. But undergraduates almost wholly, and, with the distinguished exceptions just noted, graduates likewise, for the most part have given up the practice which made Oxbridge famous once upon a time. Even many years ago that practice was dying out, and could scarcely be indulged in safely by any one above the degree of bachelor, unless he had acquired license by at least questioning the inspiration of the Scriptures or advocating manhood suffrage. Perhaps this disappearance is due to Mr. Thackeray. Charles Kingsley (not a bad authority) certainly thought so. If it be so, all honour to the snobicide. But, as Mr. Thackeray himself, though misled by a natural ardour against the immediate beasts of his chase, seems to have occasionally perceived, it is no use killing snobs if snobbishness is an inseparable accident of the human race. You drown your snob in the deepest depths of ridicule, he emerges more beautiful—that is to say, if there be beauty in snobbishness—than ever. For ourselves we are in *rebus snobbicis* at any rate perfectibilists. The snob of this generation, as we shall hope to show some day, is a much more odious reptile than he of the last; a more interested being, one less excused by generous or quasi-generous illusions, stupider, baser, more venomous than his offensive but comparatively innocuous predecessor. But we by no means despair of his being able to produce when he in his turn perishes (for the corruption of each snob is the generation of the next) a worse, and so on till the consummation of all things, when it is not necessary to forecast the destiny of the snob perfect and final. Meanwhile, the duty of each generation is to make war against its own snobs, to avoid imitating them in the most scrupulous fashion, yet so as to avoid at the same time that danger of falling into a complementary and opposite variety of the disease which has been already indicated. Even the great Original, so slanderous tongues have said, did not always succeed in doing this; after which who shall boast his chances of escape?

The principal object of these prefatory remarks is to invite

the snobs of this generation during the coming winter and the season which follows it to give us as commodious texts as may be for a brief occasional series of studies on the New Snob. There is no fear at all of their refusing; one of them, while we write, has obliged the public with the spectacle of a sworn servant of the Queen sneering in an official document at the Queen's titles. This is of the essence of the modern snob, and would almost serve as a text by itself. But there is nothing like an abundance of instances, and therefore the modern snob is prayed to give himself *les coudées franches* for the next eight or ten months. We have an ample stock of last year's instances and earlier, but in these cases freshness is the main point. Fortunately, as has been said, there is no fear of want of response to this appeal, and the only thing to be dreaded is that the abundance and the excellence of the material may prove too much for the well-intentioned but feeble workman. For it is, in truth, places *nullius ante trita solo* that we tread. Mr. Thackeray had the satirists of two thousand years and more before him when he laughed at sycophants and apers of greatness, worshippers of rank and wealth, of glitter and of fame. But the Snob Democratic is almost a new birth of time. He showed himself, indeed, at Athens for a little, and felt the *lethalis arundo* of nearly the greatest of all satirists in his side. But the common sense of the human race extinguished him very soon, and, until the glorious events of a hundred years ago, he has never had a chance, except at rare and brief occasions, of showing again. From this state of things he sucks no small advantage. For the human race is off its guard against him, and almost entirely unfurnished with traditional armour wherewith to resist his shafts, or traditional spectacles to detect his devices. To toady a Prime Minister who is not a duke, but a plain commoner who cuts down trees in his shirt-sleeves, is easily mistaken for disinterested hero-worship. Insult to a political rival who happens to be a duke, and who is exactly as dangerous to insult (and no more) as his own scullion, has still an air of chivalrous adventure and bearding of the mighty. To point out how well a meeting gets on without Royal personages derives a flavour of quite romantic independence from the days when Royal personages would probably have revenged themselves for such an affront, if not by means of the law, with some bravo's penknife or bludgeon. To "shout with the largest" and assume the airs of an Abdiel during the act of shouting is a proceeding not difficult, it would seem, to clever people, and at the same time completely bewildering to those who are not clever. The *air noble* with which some modern people's men declare in a popular assembly that they are "not afraid of the people" seems to have a faculty of deceiving some members of that people who are not quite fools. Up hearts and at them, therefore; it is certainly timely, and it can hardly be unprofitable, to see what can be done in the way, first, of distinguishing the old snob from the new, and, secondly, of observing some of the more prominent types of the contemporary variety.

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.

IN the current number of the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Goldwin Smith returns to a question, as our readers will be aware, he has more than once handled under different aspects, and handled with great effect. Stated in its briefest form it may be thus put; Does Science, evolutionary or other, apart from all religious sanctions provide an adequate basis for morality? His argument points to the plain conclusion that it does not. But it is important to note—for the circumstance gives additional weight to his testimony—that he does not write as the apologist of the Christian or any other form of theological orthodoxy. He is careful himself to insist on this point. He even assures us that he is "no more orthodox than" Mr. Herbert Spencer, though he does not care to court popularity by an ostentation of the heterodoxy which happens just now to be in vogue. He does indeed almost go out of his way to have a fling at the Athanasian Creed, and what he rather oddly terms "the ecclesiastical conception of Christ." His own view, so far as we gather any indication of it, would rather seem to incline to the Arian or Unitarian hypothesis. Be that as it may, he takes nothing for granted of a supernatural kind for the purpose of his argument. He even expresses his belief that "the proof of miracle has failed," and he "sets aside"—whether or not he personally rejects—all theological dogmas about the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement. He treats Christianity, not as a divine revelation, but simply as an historical fact; a fact however to which, as will presently appear, he attributes, and to our thinking justly attributes, a unique significance in history. Neither is he engaged in discussing the truth of the Evolutionary doctrine or its compatibility with Christian belief; he would very likely answer both questions in the affirmative. The point is whether the scientific theory in itself supplies, as some of its advocates who ignore or repudiate Christianity maintain that it does, a sufficient basis for practical ethics. To put the question in another shape, can the obligation of "Altruism," which is the favourite scientific formula for doing to others as we would be done by, be successfully vindicated in theory, and still more can any cogent motive be offered for its practical observance, on the purely scientific hypothesis? To establish a negative conclusion is not of course to prove the truth of Christianity, but it goes far to prove the insufficiency of science apart from religion in one very important

respect. And Mr. Goldwin Smith argues forcibly that the full meaning of this grave defect in their cherished system of the universe seems to be very imperfectly apprehended by some who, like Mr. Leslie Stephen, do not affect to deny, or even in words distinctly admit it. Mr. Stephen indeed in his *Science of Ethics* not only admits the difficulty, but with his wonted candour declares it to be insoluble. This admission is the starting-point of Mr. Goldwin Smith's argument.

The old proverb that "Honesty is the best policy" has always appeared to us of questionable truth, in the sense commonly attached to it, and still more questionable morality. Mr. Stephen makes very short work of it. He "cannot prove that it is always prudent to act rightly or always happiest to be virtuous," and while he himself accepts the "Altruist" theory, he distinctly asserts that "the path of duty does not coincide with the path of happiness." As he observes elsewhere, the virtuous men may be the very salt of the earth, and yet their services to society may involve their own misery. "A great moral and religious teacher has often been a martyr, and we are certainly not entitled to assume either that he was a fool for his pains, or, on the other hand, that the highest conceivable degree of virtue can make martyrdom agreeable." Nor is this the worst. Ordinary goodness may bring nothing but suffering to those who practise it, while vice may in many cases quite conceivably afford to those whose inclinations tend that way more satisfaction than they would have found in "the lilies and langours of virtue." The point is of sufficient interest to excuse a somewhat long extract:—

"In a gross society, where the temperate man is an object of ridicule and necessarily cut off from participation in the ordinary pleasures of life, he may find his moral squeamishness conducive to misery; the just and honourable man is made miserable in a corrupt society where the social combinations are simply bands of thieves, and his high spirit only awakens hatred; and the benevolent is tortured in proportion to the strength of his sympathies in a society where they meet with no return, and where he has to witness cruelty triumphant and mercy ridiculed as weakness." So that not only are men exposed to misery by reason of their superiority, but "every reformer who breaks with the world, though for the world's good, must naturally expect much pain and must be often tempted to think that peace and harmony are worth buying, even at the price of condoning evil." "Be good if you would be happy" seems to be the verdict even of worldly prudence; but it adds, in an emphatic aside, "Be not too good." Of a moral hero it is said, that "it may be true both that a less honourable man would have had a happier life, and that a temporary fall below the highest strain of heroism would have secured for him a greater chance of happiness." Had he given way, "he might have made the discovery—not a very rare one—that remorse is among the passions most easily lived down." Mr. Stephen fully recognizes the existence of men "capable of intense pleasure from purely sensual gratification, and incapable of really enjoying any of the pleasures which imply public spirit, or private affection, or vivid imagination"; and he confesses that with regard to such men the moralist has no leverage whatever. The physician has leverage; so has the policeman; but it is possible, as Mr. Stephen would probably admit, to indulge not only covetousness but lust at great cost to others without injury to your own health, and without falling into the clutches of the law.

The natural inference from all this, though it is not drawn by Mr. Stephen, certainly does seem to be that it is impossible to construct any adequate rule of life and conduct "by mere inspection of the phenomena of Evolution without some conception of the Estate and Destiny of Man." To object that we do not in the ordinary routine of daily life think definitely of the end of our being is true but hardly to the purpose. There are extraordinary actions and conditions in the lives of all men—notably when the idea of death is forced upon them, as they draw nearer to the bourne—which compel them to think of it, while moreover, to suggest a consideration which Evolutionists can least afford to lose sight of, "it will be habitually present to the minds of extraordinary men, those men upon whose efforts human progress most depends." It would not be easy to name a single great benefactor of our race who was not influenced by faith in something beyond the range of sense or science; even Comte had his religion. And if Napoleon is cited as an exception, who deliberately excluded from his mind all thoughts about God and a future life—we are by no means clear ourselves that he had no belief in God—the exception only serves to confirm the rule. Napoleon was justly branded as *hostis humani generis*; he was not a benefactor but a scourge of mankind. On the other, "of the great things which the Antonines and other Roman Stoics achieved, the condition was unquestionably the constant presence of the thoughts which Napoleon excluded."

It will perhaps be urged that the difficulty may be met by falling back on pure Altruism. But, as Mr. Goldwin Smith very pertinently asks, "is it possible to believe in the existence of pure Altruism" without any religious sanction? Even Christianity does not inculcate it in this shape; it "points to a union in Christ which would ultimately, as it were, remove the barrier of individuality and make happiness actually common." The "Social Utopia" which is promised as the goal of progress is no substitute for this hope. It can at best offer but cold comfort to the shades of the departed myriads who would *ex hypothesi* have finally ceased to exist. But moreover its advent is admitted to be very problematical. According to Mr. Stephen, "speculations about the future of society are rash . . . it seems rather that science points to a time at which all life upon the planet must become extinct." The late Professor Clifford anticipated a catastrophe in which man and all his works would perish, and Mr. Herbert Spencer agrees with him, though he thinks we ought to feel a kind of religious satisfaction in co-operating with the evolutionary process working towards the highest form of life. But somehow we do not find ourselves greatly inspired by the glad tidings that, "when differentiation and heterogeneity are complete, the return to homogeneity will

begin"; our moral nature on the contrary manifests a rebellious desire "to arrest this ruthless Gnome in the middle of his fell sport":—

Who would endure pain and labour, who would give up his dinner, merely to increase the expensiveness of the final crash? Surely any man not extremely scientific, when he reads all this about arcs and curves and descents, and moving equilibriums and equilibrations, must profoundly feel, if he cannot distinctly prove, that it belongs to mechanics, not to morals or to any account of a universe of which morality is an essential portion.

If evolution is to travel uphill and downhill, it might seem that in the downhill stage that course of action will be the best which most conduces to the dissolution of society, and that would not be an "altruistic" one. Dr. Van Buren Denslow indeed assures us with engaging frankness that "the commandment against stealing and lying is the law of the 'top dog' and nothing more," which is not very reassuring. No doubt all discussion about virtue and vice becomes unreal if free will is to be disposed of by a purely mechanical theory of the universe. Without entering on any speculative controversy it is obvious, as Mr. Goldwin Smith remarks, that if a man's actions are absolutely determined, "like the rising of a jet of water or the falling of a stone," by physical laws, responsibility is an idle name, and vicious actions are noxious to society only in the same sense as a poisonous gas is noxious. But even Mill, though a professed Necessarian, came at last to acknowledge that, "though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desire can do much to shape those circumstances," where, as his critic points out, for desires must be read will. "Desires cannot shape circumstances, though Will may." Will implies effort, and effort is clearly part of the plan of the world, if plan there be, as it is also part of the Christian ethical system:—

To realize by effort a Moral Ideal embodied in the character of Christ has been since His coming the avowed object, and in no small degree the real endeavour of the whole progressive portion of humanity. The established belief has been that the Ideal was perfect; that in proportion as it was realized, human nature, individually and collectively, would be raised and made like that of the Author of our being; that the world would thus at last become the kingdom of God, and that the spiritual society so formed would survive the physical catastrophe of the planet. This belief, so far as it extended and was operative, has hitherto been the practical basis of Christian Ethics, and whether true or false, has furnished a definite rule and aim for the lives, personal and social, of those who held it. It includes, from its very nature, an assurance that man, whose form the Ideal took, is the crowning product of Creation, and will not be superseded on earth by another order of beings, of which no assurance apparently is offered by Evolutionary science. Granting that there is a plan in the world, as the most thoroughgoing Positivists and enemies of Teleology will be found, in spite of themselves, and perhaps with doubtful warranty, so far as their philosophy is concerned, to assume, there seems nothing inherently absurd in the supposition that this is the plan.

For if it be not necessarily unreasonable to believe that there is an ideal and a plan in the universe, the theistic explanation is at least not more extravagant than that of "one great Evolutionist" who "is inclined to endow the primordial atoms with intelligence, and to insinuate that the universe is the product of a Pan-atomic Council."

We have seen already that Mr. Goldwin Smith is here dealing with Christianity simply as a fact of history, not a fact which he regards as absolutely singular. And he tells us why:—

Progress, as was said before, is contemporaneous with Christendom. Outside the pale of Christendom all is stationary; there have been notable outbursts of material wealth and splendour, transient flashes even of intellectual brilliancy, as in the Caliphates and the Mogul Empire, though the light in these cases was mainly borrowed; real and sustained progress there has been none. Japan, to whatever she may be destined to come, has kindled her new civilization with a coal taken from the Christian hearth. Before Christendom there was in the world generally nothing but material preparation carried on through a series of empires, each of which in turn yielded to the material law of decay. The exceptions were Judea, Greece, and Rome. Jewish progress terminated in Christendom, to which, when the fulness of time was come, Judaism delivered its principle of life, and having done so itself became typically stationary. Christendom also received and assimilated the parts of Greece and Rome, in each of which progress, though real and brilliant, so far at least as intellect and politics were concerned, was comparatively brief, and carried in it from the first its own moral death-warrant. We are vaguely conscious of this fact, but we do not apprehend it distinctly because we are accustomed to talk in general terms of the progress of mankind, forgetting that the mass of mankind is not progressive, but, on the contrary, clings to and consecrates the past, as in theory and sentiment did even the Greek and the Roman.

He will not, therefore, accept the description often given of Christianity as one of four universal religions, Judaism, Islam, and Buddhism being the other three. It is the only one, for it alone has attempted to preach the Gospel to the world; Judaism, so far as it did not develop into Christianity, has fallen back into the narrowest tribalism; Mahometanism is military, and lives only by conquest; Buddhism, if it is more than a Quietist philosophy, "is the religion of a climate and a race." This is substantially correct, though Mahometanism has of late years, as Mr. W. G. Palgrave has shown, exhibited a new spirit of missionary enterprise, especially in Africa; it still remains true however that "it practically belongs to the despotic polygamic and slave-owning East, and has never been the religion of a Western race or of a free and industrial community." Nor can much be said for the rival claims of these Eastern religions in the matter of spiritual teaching. Professor Max Müller has thrown open their sacred books, and careful inspection of these much vaunted treasures of spiritual lore suggests to the reader "the profane reflection that there had been no such literary revelation since Monkbarns constrained Hector McIntyre, with much hesitancy, to give him a specimen of an Ossianic lay." On the other hand Delitzsch has shown that, with the exception

of Hillel, all Talmudical teachers whose maxims recall the teaching of the New Testament have in fact borrowed from it. We have no space to follow Mr. Goldwin Smith through his examination of five detailed objections—what Aristotle would have called *ἐνστάσεις*—to the claims of the Christian ideal, which Mr. Spencer himself by his manner of contrasting it with the Pagan admits to be of a radically different and superior order. He inquires whether the Christian ideal is anti-scientific, or anti-economical, or opposed to sound sense and morality, or to political improvement, or to art, and decides that none of these charges can be made good. And while we might be disposed to demur to some of his *obiter dicta* his main argument appears to us incontrovertible. There is nothing in Christianity incompatible with scientific inquiry, not even the belief in the miraculous, "inasmuch as miracles, instead of denying, assume the general law"; nor can it be said to be opposed to commercial energy when the wealth of Christendom has in fact been "far greater and far better distributed than any wealth elsewhere." Still less can the Christian ideal be fairly represented as opposed to political effort and improvement, when, "saving Greece and Rome," there has been no political life outside Christendom; if it is in a sense ascetic, an ideal in unison with a world of suffering, and which has the secret of ultimately turning suffering into happiness, can hardly fail to be so. To speak of an antagonism between Christianity and Art sounds nothing short of paradoxical; there is indeed but one plausible pretext for such an indictment; "Sculpture may have suffered [probably has suffered] from Christian aversion to worship of the flesh and nudity; but with regard to painting and music as well as poetry has not Christianity been rather the soul of Art than its enemy?" To that question there is but one reply. On this point however we cannot linger here. But we must find room for one concluding extract, which is interesting in itself as well as from its bearing on a species of unsavoury literature which some little time ago accidentally attained an unpleasant notoriety in this country:—

The Christian Ideal has just been subjected to a test, which in its sparing application at all events is new—the test of ridicule. Before me lies a "Comic Life of Jesus," one of the publications of the Atheist Propaganda in France, which I bought at an anti-clerical book shop in Paris. The writer, inspired by the iconoclastic fury of his sect, has done his utmost, and has been aided throughout by the engraver. I will venture to say that any man of common taste and feeling, however hostile to Christianity he might be, would pronounce the book, as satire, a disgusting failure, a brutal and pointless outrage, not so much on Christ as on Humanity. It is the yell of a baffled fiend.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

IT is to be hoped that the publicans and the cadgers may not be the only people who will derive benefit from the agitation about the housing of the poor. At present the gin-shops in the more horrible localities are doing remarkably well, and the cadgers are enjoying themselves very much indeed. People of inquiring mind drive up to the slums in broughams, and proceed to investigate; they peep into odorous rooms, climb tremulous stairs, and hear sorrowful narratives. Then they give away loose silver, and the bulk of their alms soon rests in the tills of the public-houses. There never were such times for "the trade" in the rookeries. It is good that the subject should have been brought forward, although the outbreak of pure hysterics looks ominous to those who have watched similar movements; but the acres of print that have been turned out seem very likely to be wasted. The public like horrors, but they rarely let their taste lead to business. Horrors are exciting; business is not; and thus many shrewd observers fear that when the matter becomes stale as a conversational topic, it will pass out of mind as the Bulgarian atrocities did, and we shall be as little interested in dock labourers as in downtrodden nationalities. This is cynical; and we trust that it may not prove to be a fair forecast. Whatever may come, it may be well, before the agitation slackens, to look gravely at one aspect of the question which has rather escaped notice, owing to the superior charm of the various revelations. It has grown more and more plain during recent years to those who have special knowledge that we have begun our reforms at the wrong end. This is the point we wish to press, in order that legislators who desire to use public money for wholesale schemes of regeneration may be persuaded to move warily. Fifteen years ago the exciting statements made regarding popular ignorance roused much the same kind of interest as that which is now at its height. Mr. Forster's Education Act was pushed through Parliament very soon after the Committee's Report appeared, and enormous powers were bestowed on the new Boards. Already the London School Board has spent ten millions on the education of the people whose sad lack of culture was described so feelingly. Eight hundred and seventy-six school departments have been provided, and these departments accommodate 290,000 children. The cost of buildings alone has reached nearly five millions, and about twelve new schools per annum must be built in future to meet the increase of population. These figures are apt to rouse ironic thoughts. Under the very shadow of the tall educational palace lie the festering slums which the ladies and gentlemen go in carriages to see. The youths who are educated in the palaces dwell in sties. Does there not seem to be something a little wrong about this? In discussing such questions, it is always better to proceed by means of an instance, and we give one which

people might have considered not long ago had they only been in the humour.

Under the roadway between two streets in a certain ugly district there ran a very foul sewer. This sewer had been bricked in; but, in course of time, the bricks fell here and there, and the sewage easily escaped. Whenever rainy weather came, an obscene flood poured into the houses, and the inhabitants had to wade in their own backyards if they wanted to get across. The rooms on the lower floors were also flooded, and the whole place became very unpleasant. These streets were not at all healthy. In one week nineteen fever patients were taken out of a single house, and in the course of another week twelve people with smallpox were removed from one house. Of course the fever and the smallpox might not have been due to the condition of the sewer; but the most cautious of reasoners will allow that the people would have had a better chance of keeping healthy had the basements not been converted at intervals into beds of manure. The medical officer of the district wrote letters till he was tired; but it seemed that the sewer had been constructed before Sir Benjamin's Hall's Act, and nothing could be done. An appeal was made to the School Board, but the Board was compelled to send a formal profession of inability to interfere. Now within twenty yards of the eccentric sewer the Board erected a school for 800 children, and all the classes had the benefit of the exhalations. A smallpox epidemic broke out, and at one time the school had to be closed for awhile to lessen the risk of spreading contagion. The school cost 13,000*l.* to build, yet for a short time the staff was kept idle and the building unused, while the children were dismissed to the homes invaded by the filthy tide from the sewer. A mere lover of abstractions might wonder whether it would not have been better to spend part of that thirteen thousand pounds on making the neighbourhood safe to live in. The Board performed a duty imposed by the Act of 1870; but, leaving technical considerations aside, we can hardly help thinking that, if public money had to be spent at all, it would have been more profitably employed in securing bodily health than in treating the children of thieves and costermongers to a certain amount of mental culture. In a book which lies before us an enthusiastic writer says:—"Not the least useful work of the Board is achieved by the external aspect of the noble buildings which stand amid the low places. A child who passes one of those picturesque buildings daily must unconsciously have his mind lifted to a consideration of higher things." This is all very well; but a child with typhus fever is quite unfitted for the process of having his mind lifted. Rid him of typhus first, and then lift him as much as you like; but the handsome school is useless if its influence is counteracted by the piggyish home. Most of the families in the district which we have mentioned live (each) in one room, and the state of things can hardly be thought about without nausea. A gentleman who visited the place found that a man and wife, their grown-up daughter and her paramour, one girl of twelve, two big boys, and two young children, all slept in one filthy little hole. The furniture consisted of three-pennyworth of straw and a frying-pan, which was not an equipment sufficient to ensure comfort or decency. On hot summer nights the people cannot sleep for dirt and heat and vermin. They come out and sit on the pavement; when the public-houses are closing they bring out their supplies of drink; and then they yell and sing odious songs until the night falls cool. Boys and maidens cannot get much good from the expensive schools if they have to spend their evening hours among scenes like these.

The same conditions hold in other places. An Inspector lately took the trouble to classify the children by whom three great schools are "fed." He found that out of the total number on the rolls, 871 families live (each) in one room. Some seventy of these families include eight, or more than eight members. We question if a more suggestive statistical item was ever made public. There is no need to insist on explanations; the figures tell their story only too plainly. There is just one other matter which may be lightly touched. Hundreds of girls who are the children of street-walkers attend those schools of which the architecture lifts the mind to higher considerations. Every detail of a hideous trade is known to the little things, for the wretched mothers have only the one room to which visitors may be brought. These, then, are the children for whom lordly buildings are erected; these are the children who are expected to be regenerated by learning to read and write. Expense is piled on expense; costly appliances are lavishly provided; kind and skilful teachers spend their lives in dreary labour; and then the discipline of the slum comes into conflict with the discipline of the school. It is not necessary to say which must win in the end. The lesson to be drawn from these considerations is obvious enough in all conscience. The men who procured the passing of the Education Act do not seem to have had the least notion of the conditions under which the measure must be applied. They went quite confidently to work; they broke ground in a dark country, and it is only now that the general public are beginning to see the real nature of the task which was so lightly undertaken. The blunders committed in haste have to be repaired during a leisure that is likely to be long and depressing. Cautious observers who knew something of the real life of London always had their forebodings, and now, through one of our periodical outbursts of benevolent fervour, the whole country suddenly learns that the millions spent on schools, the millions devoted toward "lifting the mind to higher considerations," might just as well have been emptied into the river.

There is no need for despair, but we must be careful not to begin at the wrong end again. If Parliament were now sitting, no one can tell what wild scheme might be rapidly formulated into a statute; but happily there is time for reflection. With the example of the Education Act before them, statesmen should be prevented from legislating to suit "investigators" and crotcheteers.

THE BIRDS AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE school of Greek art, as it may be termed, which seems now to be definitely established at Cambridge, came this year to the valiant resolution of abandoning tragedy, and of representing one of the comedies of Aristophanes. The attempt is not entirely new, for a few months ago *The Acharnians* was played with success at Blackheath School; and single scenes from other plays have often been acted at other public schools on speech days; but it may be fairly said that those who were so fortunate as to be present at Cambridge last week have seen for the first time for 2,300 years one of those remarkable works presented under conditions which enabled them to form a tolerably accurate idea of what the original effect might have been. When we noticed the performance of the *Ajar* last year we described the theatre, with the proscenium specially painted for that representation from ancient authorities, and the platform on a lower level for the evolutions of the Chorus. *The Birds* therefore was presented to the public with all the advantages in the way of surroundings that thorough archaeological knowledge could bestow. Still the attempt was a very bold one. Athenian comedy is separated from us by a far wider interval than Athenian tragedy. The comedies of Aristophanes not only belong to a civilization which has completely passed away, but more than those of any other successful dramatist were written for particular occasions, and are full of personal allusions the point of which, if not wholly lost, can only be ascertained by long and laborious research. We all know that passages in our own comedies of a hundred years ago which used to "bring down the house," as the phrase is, now do not provoke a smile, except from some veteran playgoer who happens to be an archaeologist; and that *The Critic* itself retains a precarious popularity because the situations are humorous and afford scope for the capacities of individual actors, and not because it is an elaborate parody of the tragedies of Sheridan's own time, of which an audience nowadays is wholly ignorant. It needed, therefore, no little courage to represent Aristophanes at all; but, when it had been once decided to make the attempt, no more suitable selection than *The Birds* could possibly have been made. In the first place, it is unquestionably the best known of all his comedies—partly from the translation of Mr. John Hookham Frere, which is nearly as good as the original, and might, we think, be acted with profit; and partly from Mr. Courthope's clever imitation, *The Paradise of Birds*. Secondly, it appeals to the eye as much as to the mind. Anybody, whether he knows Greek or not, merely by watching the stage can form a general idea of what is going forward; and the notion of an adventurer who is disgusted with things at home, and sallies forth to found a city in the clouds is as familiar to a modern audience as it could have been to an ancient one. The Chorus, moreover, which in most Greek plays is an element of difficulty, and sorely tries the patience of the spectators, is in *The Birds* of great assistance in lightening the dialogue. Not only do the Chorus sing lyrical passages of remarkable beauty, but their utterances have generally a direct reference to the action; and the principal exception to this rule—the famous Parabasis—is such a splendid piece of declamation, and so well known, that no one finds it tedious. We believe that the actual length of the choric passages is greater in proportion to the dialogue than in the other comedies of Aristophanes; but even this is an advantage when the music is so appropriate as that which Mr. Hubert Parry supplied on this occasion. Unusual pains were taken to provide the audience with all possible helps for the right comprehension of the comedy. An acting edition was prepared, with the Greek text printed side by side with Professor Kennedy's verse translation; and, for the benefit of those ignorant of Greek, Mr. Frere's translation, together with Mr. Swinburne's version of the Parabasis, was printed in a separate volume. The great length of the comedy rendered curtailment necessary, and some passages had to be omitted on the score of propriety. These, however, are singularly few. Moreover, Professor Kennedy has explained, in what he modestly calls "a few Help-notes," some of the more obscure phrases and allusions, and has discussed at some length in a separate essay the purpose which he conceives Aristophanes to have had in view when he produced *The Birds*. Into this difficult question we have no space to enter. When a scholar so ripe and so judicious as Professor Kennedy takes a certain view on a classical question, we feel that it would be presumptuous to express a decided opinion on the other side; but we cannot help suggesting that he may have elaborated too far the theory of an abstruse meaning underlying a brilliant piece of poetry and fun, in which, as Mr. Swinburne happily observes, the humour of Rabelais is united to the lyrical grace of Shelley. It is, at least, probable that Aristophanes may have intended merely to amuse his audience at a political crisis when any direct reference to passing events would have been out of place; and the persons who visit Peithetairos

after the foundation of Nephelococcygia, and who are successively dismissed with many stripes, were most likely dressed so as to resemble well-known characters whom the audience would at once recognize and receive with roars of laughter. With all these elements of success, however, *The Birds* attained only the second prize; and it would be interesting to know something about *The Revellers*, which the judges preferred to it; but no account of that work has been preserved. We may conjecture that it dealt directly with the mutilation of the Hermai, and pleased the audience by exciting them against the supposed author of that outrage.

For convenience of representation, *The Birds* was divided into three acts, the first ending with the conclusion of the Parabasis (l. 793); and the second with the exit of Prometheus (l. 1552); each had an appropriate scene, painted by Mr. John O'Connor. The curtain rose on a landscape of remarkable beauty, where wild rocks were interspersed with thickets of flowering plants, backed by the sea. The action of the second act passes in the clouds, below which the earth was faintly indicated. Here variety was effected and atmosphere cleverly indicated by a sheet of gauze stretched across the stage, behind which the birds passed and repassed, as though flying through the air. The last act represented the newly-founded city of Cloud-Cuckoo-Borough, with half-finished columns, walls just rising above the ground, and in the foreground the stove at which Peithetairos is cooking under a gaudy canopy. The parts were distributed as follows:—

Peithetairos	Mr. M. R. James, King's College.
Euelpides	Mr. H. A. Newton, Magdalene College.
Hoopoe	Mr. F. R. Pryor, Trinity College.
Runner-Bird	Mr. G. J. Maquay "
Nightingale	Mr. F. L. Norris "
Priest	Mr. A. C. Benson, King's College.
Fluteplayer	Mr. F. L. Norris, Trinity College.
Poet	Mr. J. D. Ouyr, Trinity Hall.
Soothsayer	Mr. H. F. W. Tatham, Trinity College.
Meton	Mr. F. B. Winthrop "
Inspector	Mr. L. N. Guillemard "
Plebiscite-Vendor	Mr. E. A. Gardner, Caius College.
First Messenger	Mr. E. G. Harman, King's College.
Second Messenger	Mr. F. R. Pryor, Trinity College.
Iris	Mr. D. N. Pollock, King's College.
Herald	Mr. F. B. Winthrop, Trinity College.
Parricide	Mr. A. Fleeming Jenkin "
Informant	Mr. L. N. Guillemard "
Prometheus	Mr. H. J. C. Cust "
Heraclides	Mr. R. Threlfall, Caius College.
Poseidon	Mr. R. W. White-Thomson, King's College.
Triballes	Mr. H. F. W. Tatham, Trinity College.
Third Messenger	Mr. D. N. Pollock, King's College.
Basileia	Mr. E. A. Gardner, Caius College.
Leader of the Chorus (Owl)	Mr. S. M. Leathes, Trinity College.

CHORUS OF BIRDS:

Ibis	Mr. W. H. D. Boyle, King's College.
Swan	Mr. L. J. White-Thomson "
Cuckoo	Mr. P. A. Thomas "
Plover	Mr. G. J. Maquay, Trinity College.
Flamingo	Mr. H. Wilson Fox "
Kingfisher	Mr. A. T. B. Dunn "
Magpie	Mr. H. F. Wilson "
Jay	Mr. C. T. Musgrave "
Eagle	Mr. W. H. Blandford "
Spoonbills	Mr. W. H. Stables "
Sparrowhawk	Mr. A. Harrison, Christ's College.
Cocks	Mr. W. H. Kynaston, St. John's College.
Hoopoe	Mr. F. G. Langham, Trinity Hall.
Duck	Mr. H. Summerhayes, Emmanuel College.
Woodpecker	Mr. C. R. Gott, Jesus College.
Cormorant	Mr. E. M. Lance "
	Mr. J. M. Sing, Christ's College.
	Mr. J. B. Cobb, Emmanuel College.

The arduous part of Peithetairos was admirably rendered by Mr. James. It is no easy matter to learn some eight hundred lines in any language, even if they have to be repeated in continuous sequence; but the difficulty is enormously increased when the language happens to be a dead one, and the lines are subdivided into dialogue. Mr. James's accurate memory, however, enabled him to triumph over all obstacles. He not only spoke his part without a single mistake, but with the ease of an actor employing his own language. His conception of the character was, on the whole, satisfactory. It was impossible to avoid considerable sameness, especially in the second act, where he has to receive numerous persons, and summarily eject them one after the other; but he rendered admirably the plausible rhetoric with which he convinces the birds of the desirableness of founding the city; and the self-satisfied vanity with which he received the messenger who brings him the crown conferred upon him by the men of earth was irresistibly comic. He was admirably seconded by Mr. Newton, whose impersonation of Euelpides was undoubtedly the best piece of acting in the whole comedy. The minor parts were all well filled. We would especially commend Mr. Winthrop, who made both Meton the astronomer and the messenger from earth exceedingly amusing, and quite different; Mr. Pryor's Hoopoe; Mr. Tatham's Triballes; and Mr. Threlfall's Hercules. Mr. Cust was a very funny, but a somewhat burlesque, Prometheus. The birds themselves were all excellent; and they danced gracefully and adopted bird-like attitudes and gestures with wonderful intelligence. The Jackdaw (Mr. Wilson) had all the impertinence and inquisitiveness suitable to the character, and his byplay with the tall Flamingo was exceedingly varied and diverting. Nor must we forget one of the two Cocks (Mr. Langham), who crowed and flapped his wings with comic self-approval; our only regret was that his rival did

not crow responsively. It was of course impossible, having regard to the fact that the actors were for the most part hard-reading undergraduates, to have numerous rehearsals; and most of the "business" was invented on the stage, and varied at each representation. Among the happiest hits of this kind was the way in which the birds all hopped forward to pick up the grain which the Priest (Mr. Benson) scattered right and left for the sacrifice. The way in which the birds ought to be dressed was, we are informed, the subject of much deliberation on the part of the Committee. It was finally decided, most rightly as we think, that the hints given by certain vase-paintings, to which Dr. Waldstein refers in his preface to the acting edition of the play, should be followed; and that no attempt should be made to realize birds completely, as is usual in pantomimes. Moreover, there are numerous lines in the play which show distinctly that the faces of the performers must have been visible. A fantastic combination of bird-plumage and human dress was therefore invented, consisting of a head-dress modelled after a bird's real head, with a beak projecting from the forehead of the actor. The wings were attached to the ordinary Greek *chiton*, and made of canvas, painted in imitation of the real markings. The terminal quills were represented by a piece of bamboo, which the actor held in his hand, and so was enabled to wave or fold his wings at pleasure. Strict ornithological accuracy could not be carried out, even in ordinary birds; and the presence of Professor Newton on the Committee must not be taken as a guarantee that it was even attempted. We can imagine the horror of that eminent ornithologist if he could be supposed to have sanctioned some of the inaccuracies that were unavoidable—as, for instance, the presence of a scarlet ibis in Greece; but that brilliant bird, or something like it, was invented in obedience to the text of the author, who makes Euplides exclaim when the first bird enters, "Oh! the beauty! what a brilliant tint of flame!" The actors managed their wings with considerable skill, and some of the dances were beautiful. The first entrance of the birds was always the signal for long and loud applause; and, indeed, a spectator would have been hard to please who could have found fault with such well graced movements and so pleasing a combination of sound and colour. These dresses were executed by M. Barthe, but we learn that they were principally designed by one of the members of the Committee. The *Parabasis* was spoken by Mr. Platts of Trinity College. His voice is clear and sonorous, and his gestures were appropriate; but we could have wished for a little more variety. Nor are we quite satisfied with the way in which the *Parabasis* was introduced. The Chorus, after the Nightingale has made her appearance, address her in a charming lyric, ending with an appeal to her "to begin the anapests" (*ἀπὸ τοῦ τῶν ἀναπαισίων*). This is usually taken to mean "play a prelude"; but it would surely be much simpler to take the words in their literal signification, and let her speak the *Parabasis* herself. Instead of this, however, Mr. Platts, not dressed as a bird, but with a pair of wings loosely attached to his Greek dress, stepped forward from among the throng of birds and addressed the audience. This, however, is a mere detail, which did not in any way mar the effect of a performance which from beginning to end was triumphantly successful, and of which the educational value can hardly be exaggerated. These plays were written to be acted, and to be judged by those who witnessed them; and we submit that, even under the altered conditions of modern representation, it is only when seen in action that they can be thoroughly understood.

The music comprised introductions to the three acts, a long and elaborate song for the Hoopoe admirably sung behind the scenes by Mr. Maquay; ballet music to accompany the entry of the Chorus; an *entr'acte* while Peithetairos is supposed to retire to heaven to meet his bride Basileia; thirteen choral pieces, and a finale. Every member was characteristic and fresh. The rhythm of the ballet, graceful and tripping at first to suit the dainty motions of the Plover and the Magpie, became heavier and more impetuous as the larger birds fell in; and it was encouraging to see how the music animated the dancers and called forth capacities which tend to become latent, if not extinct, in modern ball-rooms. A detailed reference to each of the choruses would be wearisome, and in the absence of the music itself, unprofitable; but some notion may be conveyed of their general scope. The resolute animosity of the angry birds was well suggested in the first two numbers ("Alas! alas! betrayed are we," and "Ho! forward, march!"); their more conciliatory attitude was depicted by a smooth and continuous melody containing some effectively prolonged phrases, upon a pedal bass (ll. 451 and 539). The songs in the *Parabasis*, unlike the others, were in four parts, the bird-notes with which they are interspersed being put in by the Plover (Mr. Maquay), and (with imitations on the flute) imparting a characteristic flavour to the whole. The special treatment of these exquisite lyrics was highly appropriate, and formed a happy contrast with the very dramatic setting of the remainder. Of the next four numbers we find it difficult to give any description, although two of them ("So now, again, a second strain," l. 895, and "Happy are the feathered folk," l. 1089) were among the most beautiful of all, the latter especially conveying a strong impression of peaceful bliss and careless innocence. An amusing incident occurs upon the entry of the flute-player, Chairis, who by persistently introducing F sharp into the key of C irritates Peithetairos beyond all bearing, and is summarily ejected. The intrusion of Iris is preceded and followed by a short strophe and anti-strophe (ll. 1189 and 1263). In the first the music

expresses agitation and fussy watchfulness; in the second, secure defiance and complacent triumph over the gods of Olympus. In both the effect of the dochmiac metre has been in part preserved; to follow it throughout would perhaps have produced a monotonous uniformity incompatible with modern ideas of music. The caricature of a narrative-chorus in tragedy (l. 1470), in which the exploits of Cleonymus and the robber Orestes are recounted, has suggested some touches of musical humour. A knowing and confidential tone prevails, with occasional outbursts of emphasis, notably where the name Orestes occurs unexpectedly. We must not omit to notice the *entr'acte* which precedes the entry of Peithetairos with his bride; the *coda* in which it culminates suggests feelings of chastened rapture of which the astute founder of Nephelococcygia seemed hardly capable, and prepares the audience to take a serious interest in what might otherwise have appeared purely a marriage of convenience. The final march and chorus is written with great breadth, and is instinct with movement, increasing in intensity until with an acceleration of time the climax is reached in the last three lines of triumphal acclamation. But this and the rest of the instrumental pieces are to be heard this afternoon at the Crystal Palace Concert; and the interest which they excited at Cambridge will thus be extended and intensified. It is to be hoped that music so enthusiastically received may soon be published in a convenient form.

MARCHING PAST.

LONG-ESTABLISHED custom has divided the military year into two parts. During the summer the soldier marches, counter-marches, shoots, and performs other military exercises with much zeal. During the winter he is less active, and the border line which separates these two periods is marked by an event of some importance, for about that time the annual inspections of what are facetiously known as the regiments stationed in the United Kingdom are made by various military officials of exalted rank. This may be regarded as the final act of the summer, or marking season. The last "Very much pleased with everything I have seen" is duly uttered. The last inspection dinner, at which, of course, no champagne is served, and which, equally of course, is strictly limited to the regulation two shillings and something per head, is eaten; and that blissful period of comparative repose, not to say holy calm, known in the service as the "leave season," in contradistinction to the "drill season," sets in with its accustomed severity. The poet has observed that "in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love," and it might with equal truth be stated that in the autumn the youthful officer's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of leave. The soldier leans for a time at any rate upon his sword, and scents the furlough from afar. The nine hours' movement which was ushered in not long ago with a considerable flourish of official trumpets, but which candour compels us to state has had a somewhat fitful not to say precarious existence, is temporarily laid on the shelf, and the precise date of its reappearance may be possibly open to conjecture. But our present business is rather with the inspection, and by far the most prominent feature of this inspection is the march past. We once remarked in these columns that few things are more surprising than the equanimity with which the British taxpayer will tolerate any number of military shortcomings, provided only he can enjoy the gratification of seeing cavalry, guns, and infantry defile before him. This is, however, intelligible in the civilian, for it is regarded by him as a mere spectacle, and one, too, for which he has paid pretty handsomely. But that it should possess the importance which undoubtedly attaches to it in the eyes of inspecting officers is certainly strange, and more than that, it is, in these days, anomalous. There is no disguising the fact that, although the inspection is intended to apply to and to search into every part and every department of a regiment, the great feature by which it will be principally judged is the march past. Were any proof of this required, it will be found in the incessant rehearsing and preparation bestowed on this portion of the programme to the exclusion of more useful subjects. For weeks and weeks previous to the inspection the commanding officer is busy practising this particular subject, nor is he to be blamed when it is remembered that both he and his regiment will be judged mainly by the march past. And the difficulties under which he labours are great indeed. For some weeks beforehand he can about once a week, by dint of pressing every available man and boy into the ranks, muster some four companies, each about twenty strong. But even then, he cannot have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the same men on parade for two successive weeks. The changes and fluctuations occasioned by the numerous detached services on which the men are now employed are so great that there is almost a different battalion on each parade. Consequently, the benefit derived from the instruction given is materially impaired. At length, as the day for the inspection draws near, a couple of companies which have been absent on detachment at some remote country station rejoin headquarters, and there is no time to practise them at all. Nor is this all. The little practice which the battalion has had in marching past has been performed, from want of men, in single rank, while the importance of the occasion demands that at the inspection the regiment shall parade in the time-honoured two ranks. The result is

that the marching is decidedly loose and wanting in steadiness. Not that any particular commanding officer need feel discomfited thereat. On the contrary, he has only to look at his neighbours, and he will see that other corps do not acquit themselves at all better, perhaps not as well, which is consoling at any rate. The deterioration which has taken place in the purely parade drill and movements of our army is so great that almost anything passes muster now. To return, however, to the inspection. If it is on a large scale, the cavalry and artillery begin by walking past, followed by the infantry in column of companies or double-companies. Then the mounted arms draw off beyond the saluting base, and the infantry pass again in quarter-columns and then again in double time, after which they withdraw for the present. Now come the cavalry and guns at a trot, which, when finished, is duly followed by the canter past, in which latter the cavalry and horse artillery alone take part, to the exclusion of the field artillery, whose movements are never supposed, for some mysterious reason, to degenerate into so rapid a pace. This portion of the performance is watched by the spectators with breathless interest. Two great questions present themselves. First, Will all the horses' heads pass exactly in a straight line? And, secondly, Will all their tails pass in a straight line? If either of these vital conditions is wanting, the regiment is evidently unfit for active service. At length the march past, in all its possible phases, is brought to a conclusion; and, what is of far more value, nearly an hour of the available time has been comfortably got through. Now is the moment for the drill proper—or, to speak more correctly, the evolutions. The time-honoured advance in line will probably head the list, and, as its applicability for purposes of modern war ceased some fifteen years ago, its utility may be doubted, however ornamental it may be. This is probably followed by a complete change of front to the right or left, a movement which, if attempted under the fire of modern weapons, would inevitably lead to the extermination of every man engaged in it. A few similar manoeuvres follow consisting principally of formations of line from column, varied by formations of column from line. The whole of the troops present are then with methodical precision formed once more into line facing the saluting base, and a grand advance in line is made towards the inspecting officer, bands playing and colours flying; then the halt sounds, a general salute terminates the inspection, and after a few remarks, commendatory or otherwise, the inspecting officer rides off. As far as ascertaining the real efficiency of the troops goes, for all he has learnt as to their real aptitude for the numerous and varied duties of modern war, for all the real benefit accruing to the service by such an inspection, he might just as well have remained at home. To speak plainly, the whole affair is an anachronism. We pointed out in these columns some time ago the rapid strides which military science had made of late years, and how much more there is now to teach both officers and soldiers than there was formerly. We also laid stress on the fact that, whereas there was far more for the men to learn, there was, owing to the short-service system, only half the time to learn it in. Consequently, much of the old-fashioned routine, the incessant drill, the marching and counter-marching, had to be thrown overboard to make room for the new subjects. Then, why, we would ask, is the efficiency of our troops to be judged purely by a standard that is virtually obsolete, to the exclusion of that which is modern and needful? Take the existing "Field Exercise," and examine it throughout. Two-thirds of the manoeuvres it contains might be expunged to-morrow for all the use they would be on a modern battlefield. We remember hearing of an American general who, at the close of the Civil War, boasted that he had reduced the formations of his infantry to two—namely, line and column—and that his only words of command were "Mass" and "String out." Without at present advocating so remarkably compendious a military dictionary, we would still ask whether much of the purely formal and old-fashioned drill that still obtains in our army might not be removed with advantage, or, if that be not practicable at present, that our troops shall not at any rate be judged solely by their proficiency in performing it. In the days when armies fought in close concentrated order under the eye of the general, when the fate of a battle hung upon the precision with which some manoeuvres were performed, this drill had its uses. But those uses no longer obtain in civilized warfare, and but to a limited extent in war against uncivilized nations. Order, precision, solidity, method, and parade formalities have given place to loose formations, independent action, hurry, and what has been termed orderly disorder. More than this, the old-fashioned drill is not merely unsuited to the times, but to the soldier. He is no longer the mere machine he used to be. For good or bad, we have effected an entire revolution in the man, morally speaking. We have educated him; we have taught him various arts and sciences which were unknown to his ancestors; we constantly place him in independent situations where he has to act and think for himself. We have slackened his discipline to what many consider a dangerous extent, and therefore we can hardly wonder if he does not take kindly to the old punctilious precision of movement on parade, even supposing there was sufficient time to devote to the incessant practice which it demanded. It certainly appears to us that the time has come for a radical change in the present method of conducting what are called inspections. If an occasional march-past or mere display of the three arms be deemed advisable, let them by all means take place, but they should no longer be perverted into a test for the

efficiency of the troops. There are plenty of other subjects of vital importance which are totally ignored on such occasions, and which in fact are hidden away as if unworthy of being produced at an inspection. To begin with:—Has any one ever heard of such a thing as a regiment or a brigade being marched to the rifle range, and there put through the "attack formation" with ball cartridge? We never have. We once heard the suggestion discussed; but the prevailing opinion appeared to be that, if it were attempted, it would be advisable to have an ample staff of medical officers present, which would appear to imply a want of faith in the ability of the men to handle their rifles properly. We wonder whether it will ever occur to an inspecting officer to take his first look at a regiment, not turned out spick-and-span for the avowed purpose of looking smart and clean, but hot, tired, and dusty, after a ten or twelve mile march, to see the men lay out their kits there and then on the ground, to examine the men themselves carefully, and ascertain how many have fallen out. We wonder whether we shall ever see a cavalry regiment ordered to screen the advance of an imaginary army over a front of five or six miles for a distance of fifty miles or so, returning with a full report of the roads and country traversed. We wonder whether we shall ever see the men of any branch of the service called upon to practise such commonplace and undignified things as signalling, tent-pitching, field-cooking, marching, throwing spar bridges over chasms, surveying by non-commissioned officers, independent minor tactics by companies under their own officers alone, and many other things, each and all of which are supposed to form part of modern military education. But we have wondered enough for the present, and must content ourselves with waiting.

A FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY.

II.

WE have considered the character and opinions of Luca Landucci as illustrating the ordinary Florentine citizen. Let us turn to the consideration of his importance as an authority for Florentine history. About actual facts he has not much to tell us that is absolutely new; but he makes our previous knowledge more vivid and more real. The scenes pass before our eyes in his homely narrative and are brought close to ourselves. He gives us those little touches of personal description for want of which more elaborate pictures leave our imagination cold and unmoved.

We understand the intensity of Florentine feeling after the Conspiracy of the Pazzi when we read his account of the behaviour of the youth of the city. They disinterred the corpse of Jacopo de' Pazzi, who had been executed, and dragged it through the streets by the hangman's rope, which still remained round the neck. They tied the dead man's body to the knocker of his own door, and cried to those within, "Open to the master." Then they threw the corpse into the Arno, and sang a ribald song whose burden was "Messer Jacopo giù per Arno se ne va." "And this," says Luca, "was held for a wondrous thing; first, because youths generally are afraid of the dead, and next, because the corpse stank so that one could not go near it. All the folk of Florence flocked to the bridges to see the body pass, and down towards Brozzi some boys dragged it out of the water, and tied it to a willow, and beat it with sticks, and then threw it into the Arno again."

No less vivid is the account of the entry of Charles VIII. and the French into Florence. "You may think that all Florence was in the church and outside. Every one shouted, small and great, old and young, all with a true heart and without flattery. When the folk saw the King on foot his fame was a little diminished, for he was indeed a very small man." But when in a few days Charles VIII. spoke of the return of the Medici, popular feeling changed. "They had no fear of the King, and it was plain that a great enmity had sprung up between the citizens and this Piero de' Medici; whence it springs, the Lord knows." The Florentines were filled with suspicion, but it was silent, and needed no words to express it. Charles VIII. rode to the church of San Felice to see the festa, but did not enter. "Many said that he was afraid, and this showed that he had greater fear than we had—woe to him if he were to begin, though it would be also to our great danger." The Florentines were filled with terrible anxiety, which reached its height on November 24. "It was said that the King was going to dine in the Palazzo with the Signoria, and caused all the arms to be taken out of the Palazzo, and himself intended to go with many armed men, whence all the people were filled with suspicion. Each man made haste to fill his house with bread and arms and stores and to strengthen his house, as much as he could, each man intending to die with arms in his hand, and to slaughter every Frenchman, if need were, in the manner of the Sicilian Vespers. Such was the fear, that about dinner hour a cry was raised, 'Shut, shut,' and all Florence shut its doors, every man fleeing without any other reason, and on asking the cause no one knew. Whence the King did not go to dine at the Palazzo. It was the will of Heaven that such suspicion grew on every side, because it was the reason why the French changed their evil will towards us." Next day the French kept strict watch day and night, and took away the arms of all who were found in the streets at night, not before many of them fell beneath the Florentine daggers. On the following day Charles VIII. signed an agreement with the Florentines and hastened to leave the city. From that time forward the Frenchmen are called by Landucci "beastial," and his pages are full of their misdoings. His

narrative of their doings in Italy ends with the following dramatic account of the punishment which their cruelty called down upon their heads in January 1504:—

And in these cold days many Frenchmen, who could manage to escape, fled from Naples naked and clotheless, and many of them died in the territory of Rome through cold and hunger, for they found none to help them through the cruelty which they had shown in putting cities to the sword and sacking everything. Through God's permission they died in Rome among dung-heaps, which they entered to escape from the cold. If the Pope had not had four or five hundred jackets made and given to them, and had not supplied them with money and put them on galleys to convey them to France, they would all have died. As it was, more than five hundred died of cold; they found them in the morning dead on the dung-heaps. In Rome they entered such houses as they found open, and could not be dragged out; they were beaten with clubs, but refused to move, and said "Kill us." Never was such destruction. And still the King did not send to help them, but had forgotten them. This was the justice of God, since they came to massacre and plunder others. And they are all blasphemers, steeped in every vice, without faith or fear of God.

The most interesting part of Landucci's diary is that which relates to Girolamo Savonarola. The good apothecary makes us feel from day to day the fluctuations of popular opinion concerning him. We realize the steps in his rise and fall. We understand the force of his fervid eloquence, of his zeal for righteousness which swayed the minds of the masses. We trace the course of the inevitable reaction, when Savonarola's efforts to set up a reformed and purified Florence made him an important political personage. We see how his watchful enemies seized on every extravagance which he uttered, and dogged his steps till they had brought him into a false position where his ruin was certain. Much has been written about Savonarola; but nowhere does he stand out more grandly than in the simple record of Landucci.

It is an error to regard Savonarola as an exceptional figure in Italian history. There were many famous preachers amongst the Italians who worked great results by their earnestness; Bernardino of Siena and Capistrano had both of them moved Italy within the century. And there were many other preachers and wonder-workers of lesser note. Landucci records in 1478, "there came a hermit and preached and threatened many misfortunes. He was a youth of twenty-four, barefooted, with a wallet on his back; and said that St. John and the angel Raphael had appeared to him. One morning he mounted the balcony of the Signori to preach, and the magistrates sent him away. And such-like things happened every day." In 1483 Landucci narrates the death of a friar at Faenza, who was said to work miracles. But he did not give much credit to these stories. "Every day such things were told; one day there was an apparition in a river and next day in a mountain; and some one spoke to a lady who was the Virgin. I mention this because the world was uplifted to expect great things from God."

In this excited state of public feeling Savonarola appeared and grew famous by his preaching. His predictions of coming calamity were fulfilled by the French invasion, during which his resolute bearing greatly increased his repute. "In these days men in Florence and throughout all Italy thought that he was a prophet and a man of holy life." When the French left Florence on November 28, 1494, Savonarola was almost supreme. He proclaimed a religious procession on December 8, to obtain the divine guidance for the city. "It was a very wondrous procession of a great number of men and women of the highest repute, all carried on with entire order and perfect obedience to the Frate. Such devotion was shown as will perhaps never be seen again." On December 14 Savonarola began to preach "that Florence should take a good form of government." "He always favoured the people," says Landucci, "and always declared that there should be no blood-shedding, but other kinds of punishment." On December 21 "he preached only about the Constitution, and men were all afraid and did not agree. One wanted roast, another boiled; one went with Frate, another went against him. Had it not been for this Frate blood would have been shed." On December 28 Landucci computes that the auditors of Savonarola numbered thirteen or fourteen thousand persons. But so early as January 11, 1495, Savonarola had to defend himself in the pulpit. Letters purporting to come from him and to seek a Medicean restoration were forged and disseminated. "But all this was false, for the Frate held with the people." On January 17 "many citizens began to be scandalized against the Frate, saying, 'This wretched Friar will bring us to a bad end.'"

Still, in spite of evil prophecies, Savonarola's influence grew. On April 1 he preached and testified that "the Virgin Mary had revealed to him how the city of Florence had to be more glorious and more wealthy than she had ever been before, but after many troubles; this he promised absolutely. And he said all these things as a prophet, and the greater part of the people believed him, especially those who were free from party passion." There were many sermons and many processions, in which the image of the Virgin in Santa Maria Impruneta was carried through the streets. Finally the popular party prevailed, and Savonarola's views of a perfect Constitution were adopted by the city, which elected, on June 7, a Consiglio Grande. Immediately after this triumph of his policy, Savonarola went to meet Charles VIII. on his return from Naples, and told him that God willed he should favour Florence. "Such was the esteem and devotion towards the Frate that there were many men and women who, if he had said to them 'Go into the fire,' would have obeyed him." But no practical results followed from the interview of Savonarola with the French King. Pisa was not restored to Florence, and the

enemies of the Frate said, "There, believe in your Frate who says that he has Pisa in his hand."

The League against France was joined by all the Italian Powers except Florence, which, through fear of a restoration of the Medici, held by its alliance with France, and built the "Sala Grande" in the Palazzo Pubblico to accommodate its new Council and be a sign of its determination to keep its popular constitution. But France did not restore Pisa, and the disappointment increased the number of Savonarola's enemies. In January 1495 "men went by night round San Marco, crying out reproaches, 'This hog of a friar should be burnt in his house,' and such like; and some wished to set fire to San Marco." But still the moral influence of Savonarola was powerful. Boys were formed into guilds for the promotion of morality. Loungers in the streets and gamblers fled when they heard the cry "Here come the boys of the Frate." Profligacy and vice were driven to lurk in darkness. "It was a holy time," says Landucci, "but it was short. The evil have been more powerful than the good. God be praised that I saw this short time of holiness. I pray God that he would restore to us that holy and shamefast life." The Carnival of 1496 marked the highest point of Savonarola's moral reform. Rude joking was laid aside. Religious processions took the place of the ribaldry to which Lorenzo de' Medici had accustomed the Florentine people. The youth of Florence sang Lauds in the streets, bearing olive branches in their hands. "We seemed to see the crowds of Jerusalem who accompanied Christ on Palm Sunday crying 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.' And well could one recall the words of Scripture, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' There were reckoned six thousand youths or more, all between the ages of six and sixteen. I saw these things and felt much pleasure, and some of my sons were amongst those blessed and shamefast bands." Special banks of seats were erected in the Duomo for these children, who were trained into a choir. "They sang with such sweetness that every one wept, and chiefly those of good intent, saying, 'This thing is from the Lord.' And note the wonder, that one could not keep any boy in bed the mornings that the Frate preached. All ran before their mothers to the preaching. Truly the Church was filled with angels." Landucci draws a beautiful picture of the power of moral earnestness working on the conscience of a people which had been awakened by calamity. But the anomalous position of Florence in Italian politics was difficult to maintain. The Powers of Italy were bent on severing the last tie between France and Italy, and the attitude of Florence was felt to depend entirely on the influence of Savonarola. Accusations of treachery were preferred against him. "The poor Frate has so many enemies," exclaims Landucci piteously. How he himself bears witness to the truth of this may be shown on a future occasion.

MR. WHALLEY'S WILL.

THE most remarkable action tried during the present sittings of the High Court of Justice has undoubtedly been the case of *Priestman v. Thomas*. The story would have made an interesting but wildly improbable novel. Brought before a jury, it has furnished a curious instance of the importance which ought to be attached to probabilities in the presence of conflicting statements. The natural impulse of the inexperienced is to assume that what people swear is true. If absolutely contradictory evidence is given on oath, the most obvious course seems to be to test the truth by weighing the number and character of the witnesses on either side. A slightly more recondite method is to eliminate all interested parties, and see to which side the balance of the testimony that is left inclines. Experience shows that all these theories are fallacious, and that the assumptions on which they are based cannot be trusted in real life. The abstract probability that a witness is speaking the truth is very faint. Character may only mean that a man has not been found out. The chance that the majority are veracious is so small that it may practically be neglected. Those who are not directly interested may be bribed by those who are. But physical phenomena do not deceive. Nature does not tell lies. In all complicated narratives it will be found that certain facts emerge, about which there can be no dispute, which are not dependent on any human testimony, and which may or may not be consistent with both sides of the case. If they are consistent with only one side of it, there is an end of the matter. If they are more suitable to one than to another, there immediately arises a standard by which a judgment may be formed. If the jury in *Priestman v. Thomas* had been confined to deciding a competition of hard swearing, they might be considering their verdict now. There were fortunately other circumstances to guide them; and, when these were duly estimated, there was little doubt what the final conclusion ought to be. The plaintiff had, at the outset, to struggle with grave difficulties. He was not merely seeking to set aside a will on the ground of undue influence, or because the testator was not in a proper condition of mind to make one. This will had come before Sir James Hannen, and a compromise had been arranged in respect of it to which Mr. Priestman was a party. There, in the absence of very exceptional facts, the matter must have rested. It was *res judicata*, and Mr. Justice Manisty pointed out at an early stage of the proceedings that he could not hear an appeal from the Probate Division. When a case has been settled by counsel, the result cannot, as a rule, be disturbed. It is just as binding upon the parties as the actual judgment of the court.

But it has always been held that even the most solemn proceedings of legal tribunals were vitiated by fraud. That was the case which Mr. Priestman set up, and which he has substantiated. He alleged, and he has proved to the satisfaction of the jury, that what purported to be Mr. Whalley's will was a forgery, for which Thomas is responsible; and the compromise has accordingly been delivered up to be cancelled so far as Thomas is concerned in it. Every one with any knowledge of juries must be aware how difficult it is to make them adopt such a conclusion. They have a reasonable dislike to branding people as criminals, and perhaps a rather illogical feeling that a civil court is not the place to do it in. In a recent slander case, tried at Dublin, the jury, who were unable to agree, asked before they were discharged whether they were bound to "convict" the plaintiff of a crime if they found for the defendant, he having undoubtedly imputed to the plaintiff an offence against the law. To reopen an old issue, to show that a large number of astute persons had been taken in, to prove the commission of a very impudent forgery, and to threaten several apparently respectable people with very serious consequences, were all incumbent upon Mr. Priestman if he was to get a verdict. He has succeeded in them all, and the way in which he did it is exceedingly curious and entertaining.

The moral of the case, if it has a moral, is of course that people should not forge will. But, if they do, they should restrain the feelings of gratification with which they regard their performance. In one of Mr. Besant's and Mr. Rice's novels an elderly Scotch tutor has concocted, for his own benefit, an elaborate scheme of villainy. It is working out uncommonly well, and he is proportionately pleased. Seated by the fire, with his toddy before him, he utters an appropriate reflection. "The ways of Providence," he says, "sometimes appear to be crooked. They are, in reality, straight." No doubt. But the Scotch tutor would have known better than even to give vent to this pious ejaculation in the presence of his intended victims. Mr. Thomas was much less cautious. When Mr. Priestman visited Leominster on a holiday trip, Mr. Thomas disliked his coming. To indicate defiance and ill-will, he adopted the singular and, as it turned out, the most unfortunate expedient of waving a sheet of blue paper at a window. This set Mr. Priestman thinking. Why paper? he said to himself. And why blue? The result of his cogitations may fitly take the form of a short narrative. Mr. Priestman is the natural son of Mr. James Whalley, who died at Leominster on the 7th of May, 1881. Mr. Whalley had been in business, from which he had retired with a considerable fortune, some three thousand a year. But his habits were eccentric and miserly, and he took it into his head to lodge with Charles Thomas, a railway porter. As is usual in such cases, Thomas acquired a considerable influence over the old man—a fact which would have been urged as a ground for setting aside the will had the case been tried out in the Probate Division. But Whalley was also much attached to Priestman, in whose welfare he exhibited the keenest interest. He wrote frequent letters showing an intention to make substantial provision for the young man, and Priestman was no doubt led to expect that he would receive the bulk of his father's property. Mr. Whalley was unmarried, and Priestman seemed to be, with the exception of Thomas, the only person for whom he really cared. This being so, he was naturally disappointed when he came to hear the will read. By this document he was left only five thousand pounds, the remainder of the estate "of which I may die possessed or entitled to at the time of my decease, all according to the nature thereof, and effects of every description whatsoever, real and personal," being bequeathed to "my friend Charles Thomas, of 128 South Street, Leominster." It is futile to speculate on what could have been the result of fighting this will in the Probate Division. Priestman was convinced that there was a later will on blue paper. But he could not find it. However, as we have said, the case was compromised, and Thomas agreed to take seventeen thousand pounds. This was perhaps a little suspicious, since Thomas, if the will had been upheld, would have received more than three times that amount. It seems to have been the opinion of Thomas that the whole matter was concluded, and could not on any pretext whatever be reopened. He therefore proceeded to demean himself in the manner already described, and generally to intimate that he held Priestman in utter derision. He has now found that a proud look and a high stomach, never perhaps very commendable adjuncts, should at least be the exclusive prerogative of persons who have nothing to do with waving blue papers at windows. After the arrangement of the Probate suit there seems to have been much gossip in Leominster. The well-known class of persons who could tell strange tales if they would came at once to the front. Mutual recriminations began to be bandied about. There were people who knew what other people had received for holding their tongues about they knew what. This man had received money from Thomas. That man was observed to have an extraordinary, an unaccountable, influence over Priestman. At last there appeared a really valuable informant. This was Mr. Edward Rees, who had signed the will as a witness. About the meaning of what he said there could be no doubt whatever. He told Priestman and he told the jury in so many words that the will was a forgery; that he had seen it concocted, that he was himself a party to the fraud. It is this extraordinary story which, after an unusually protracted trial, the jury have felt themselves compelled to adopt.

Rees had certainly some very queer details to give. It would perhaps be too much to say that they are new. Writers of fiction

have exhausted the possibilities of testamentary forgery and fraud. But in real life one does not often hear anything quite like "Mr. Whalley's will." Mr. Whalley, as we have already said, died on 7th of May, 1881. On the 21st of March, being ill in bed, he wanted to write a letter to Priestman. He was not equal to writing it himself, and he asked Thomas to write it for him. Thomas wrote it in pencil, and Whalley signed it in ink. Here was an excellent situation. An undoubted and practically indelible signature was surmounted by a pencilled scrawl which might, according to popular belief, be very easily removed. Thomas, according to Rees, proceeded without hesitation to take advantage of the opportunity. In this he showed a coolness of nerve which it would be well if railway porters always displayed in the exercise of their ordinary avocations. He erased the whole of the letter, leaving only the signature and the date. Having done this, it seemed to him that the coast and the paper were clear. He therefore wrote, or rather employed one Thomas Nash to write, a will on behalf and in the name of the late Mr. Whalley. This was considerate on the part of Mr. Thomas. "The deceased," as the reporters say, had been kind to him, and he repaid the kindness by performing the last, and rather more than the last, offices for "the deceased." The will which he wrote was not a bad will of its kind, and the five thousand pounds was really a masterpiece in its way. Mr. Thomas, if he had not heard the words, was impregnated with the spirit of the saying that the half is much more than the whole. But he did not carry out the principle quite far enough. If he had been satisfied with giving himself what he was afterwards content to take, nothing more might have been heard of the matter. He could not, however, bring himself to part with more than five thousand pounds—a sum which, though it has merits of its own, did not please Mr. Priestman. It appeared, however, or at least it is alleged, that Mr. Thomas's difficulties were not at an end when he had drawn up a last will and testament for his lamented benefactor. There was a "blue will," a genuine will, the document which Mr. Thomas is afterwards supposed to have brandished at his own window. This Mr. Whalley is said to have kept in his pocket, and it is further averred that he told Thomas, or some one who communicated with Thomas, where it was. This blue will was in an envelope—a fact which seems to have been generally known among Mr. Whalley's friends. "Que faire?" as the German counsellors exclaimed when informed that the enemy had cannon. James Watt was an ingenious man; but locomotion is not the only purpose for which steam may be employed. Thomas, so it is said, took the envelope, and held it over the domestic tea-kettle. Having opened it by this familiar method, he pulled out the real will and put in the sham one, just as any third-rate conjuror might have done. Probate, opposition, compromise, enjoyment. Such is the summary, the chronicle, and brief abstract of Mr. Thomas's immediate future after the settlement in the Probate Division. But though the wheels of the law grind slowly, they grind continuously too, and their grinding is, as the Scotchman said of another matter, "attended with very considerable expense." Mr. Thomas would perhaps now not be sorry to let the past go by, to "let it slide," as Mr. Callan would say, and to become once more a porter on a railway. It is needless to say that he came into court, and denied everything which was said against him. So did Nash. They always do. If to balance opposing statements had been the only way out of the difficulty, the jury might just as well have tossed up for their verdict, while the judge looked on to see fair play. But there were certain facts of which Mr. Thomas was not prepared to offer any satisfactory explanation. The alleged will bore upon its surface traces of pencil marks. Experts, whose evidence should be carefully weighed and not indiscriminately swallowed, gave it as their opinion that there had been an attempt to obliterate pencil marks from the paper on which the "white will" was written. They further said that the strokes of a pencil, though they may appear to be quite rubbed out for the time, are apt to reappear when they are least wanted. This is a fact important to forgers and others, and Thomas and Nash would have done better to explain than to deny it. There is another little circumstance which could scarcely be disputed, and of which no intelligible account was furnished from the defendant's point of view. Some little time after Mr. Whalley's death Thomas and Nash went to the bank at Leominster, and Thomas gave Nash a promissory note for a thousand pounds. A good deal of money seems to have changed hands in Leominster about this time, and the town must have felt that this kind of thing was almost as good as a Parliamentary election. Unluckily for Mr. Thomas, there were other circumstances quite as undeniable as the existing marks of partially obliterated pencil, or the admitted but not very satisfactory story of the large payment to Nash. Among the neatest and most conclusive of these was a letter written by Mr. Whalley on the 12th of April to Messrs. Fenn and Crossthwaite, his stockbrokers, in which occurred the following passage:—"Might I ask your opinion of Flagstaffs? I do not much like them; and to leave them in a youth's management would not, I am afraid, do very well." This was three weeks after the date of the supposed will. Now, if that will were genuine, the "youth," who is shown by the context to have been Priestman, would have no interest whatever in these Flagstaff shares. It was not open to Thomas to say that Whalley was insane. But if he were in his right mind, it is simply incredible that he could both have made that will and written that letter. Still more decisive is what he wrote to his daughter Emma on the 19th of April. "As my brothers are dead, I have

now left Harry everything, and you nothing," Harry being Priestman. These are the sort of collateral or incidental facts which strike at the root of the most plausible story. They are just the things which rogues forget, and which the most ingenious fabricators of cases omit from their calculations. An eminent judge, when it was pressed upon him that a guilty man would never have done a particular thing which the prisoner did, used to reply, "Well, at all events he won't do it next time." Mr. Thomas will, no doubt, be more careful "next time." This time he has decidedly overreached himself.

THE THREATENED STRIKES.

THE agitation for a strike in the coal trade appears to have broken down. At the beginning of this week there was held, at Sheffield, a conference representing 135,000 miners of the principal coal-producing districts of England, except Durham and Northumberland, to consider whether the notices served upon the masters should be acted upon, and an amendment was carried postponing the question till the end of the month. This was an indirect way of abandoning the notices, and we may hope now that the dispute will be dropped. That in the cotton trade, however, survives. The two differ in important respects. The dispute in the cotton trade is caused by a demand on the part of the employers for a reduction in wages; whereas, that in the coal trade originated in an application on the part of the miners for a rise of wages. Moreover, the facts in regard to the condition of the cotton trade are admitted by both parties, whereas those in the coal trade are contested. There is this further difference—that a great strike in the cotton trade would directly affect only the cotton trade itself. The quarrel is confined to the weaving branch of the trade; but, of course, if the looms generally were stopped, the spinning branch would likewise be affected, and so would the market for raw cotton. Nor is it necessary to add that indirectly the stoppage of the wages of a large number of operatives would be felt by many outside the trade. But still the direct influence would be confined to the industry itself. It is entirely otherwise with regard to the coal dispute. Coal is necessary for warming our houses, cooking our food, and producing gas. A great strike, therefore, that would include the coal districts generally, and would last for a considerable length of time, would affect the comforts of the whole population much more than a great strike in the cotton trade. And what makes the matter more serious is that coal is the instrument of almost every manufacture. A deficiency in the supply of coal would affect the whole industrial organization of the United Kingdom. For example, the iron trade could not be carried on without coal, and therefore, if there were to be such a strike as would either greatly enhance the price of coal or make the supply deficient, the iron trade would suffer in proportion. Indeed, as soon as notices were served on the coalowners, several ironmasters notified to their workpeople that, in case of a strike in the coal trade, they would dispense with their services. Again, coal is necessary for steamers and railways. One of the principal items in the working expenses of a great railway company, for example, is the cost of fuel; and if this cost were to be considerably increased, the dividends of the shareholders would all be trenced upon. Furthermore, a strike would diminish the quantity of coal carried by the railways, and therefore would lessen their earnings; while, if it were to affect the iron trade also, the carriage of minerals generally, which is an important item in the traffic of the heavy lines, would all be restricted. Thus the dispute was of almost as much importance to capitalists and workpeople in other industries as to those in the coal trade itself. As a natural consequence, there was a fall on the Stock Exchange in the prices of English railway securities when the quarrel seemed to be growing bitter; while a rise set in as soon as it was discovered that the miners were indisposed to a strike. For every reason, then, the good sense shown by the majority at Sheffield is matter for congratulation. The Lancashire delegates made no secret that the Trades-Union funds are not sufficient to sustain a long contest. But an unsuccessful strike, if at all protracted, would disorganize the whole trade of the country, might transfer industries from districts now prospering on them, and would certainly inflict great suffering on the miners and their families.

For a considerable time past the miners have been demanding an advance of wages. They assert that the trade is sufficiently profitable to allow of such an advance, and lately they served notices that they would stop work if their demands were not complied with. The employers, on the other hand, deny that the trade is sufficiently profitable. They admit, indeed, that it is in a more satisfactory condition than most other industries; but they assert at the same time that it gives them only a reasonable profit upon the capital employed; and that, if they were to grant the application of the men, they would suffer in consequence; while it is little likely in the present state of trade that they would be able to raise prices so as to compensate themselves. The men rejoice by reminding their employers that in August and September the price of coal was raised in London, and they argue that, as the coalowners were able to pay present wages before this rise, they must be able to give higher wages now. In short, they contend that the coalowners, contrary to the implied agreement with their workpeople, are pocketing the whole advantage from the rise in prices. On this controversy it is, of course, impossible

for outsiders to form any accurate opinion. It would be necessary to inspect carefully the books of several firms engaged in the trade. Therefore it is useless to do more than state the arguments of both sides. To the contention of the men the coalowners reply that the rise of prices in London was a mistake; that, owing partly to the extremely mild weather, consumption has rather fallen off, and that the real consequence of the rise of prices has been a diminution of their own sales. The men retort that, even if this is so, they have themselves been working in the interval at the old wages, and that in consequence large stocks have been accumulating at the pits' mouths; that, if the weather has been exceptionally mild up to the present, it is likely to be very severe for the next few months; and that, therefore, the increased consumption is only delayed; that sooner or later, as a consequence, the coalowners will profit by a rise of price; and that they themselves have a right to share in this profit. Naturally, the coalowners are unwilling to concede the men's demand on the prospect of a future increased consumption, and they know they are better able to resist it in consequence of the accumulation of stocks. The men themselves have shown at Sheffield that they are painfully conscious of the advantage thus acquired by their employers—an advantage which is increased by the lowness of their own funds. It is worthy of notice, however, that to the last the Yorkshire delegates were eager for a strike, and that the reports to the Conference state that thirty-four thousand miners of that county had given in their notices, and, with few exceptions, were prepared to act upon them. There is a divergence of opinion between Yorkshire and the more western counties, suggesting that the dispute is adjourned, not settled. Beyond the allegations as to the condition of the trade, there is said to be a deeper cause for the men's demand. It is reported that the supply of miners is rapidly falling off. Fathers are said to be unwilling to send their sons down into the pits; and the sons themselves, as they receive a better education, and believe themselves capable of performing pleasanter kinds of work, are less inclined to go into the pits. If this be true, it is evident that a rise of wages is only a question of time. If the supply of miners really is falling off, an increased supply must be tempted forward by enhanced wages. As wealth and population grow, the consumption of coal will grow with them, and therefore an increased supply of miners will every year be required. And if, at the same time, there is less inclination on the part of workpeople to go into the mines, the feeling must be overcome by making mining more remunerative in proportion to its disagreeableness. But it seems clear that the falling off in the supply of miners, supposing it to be real, is not yet sufficiently marked to warrant a great strike. The iron trade is dull, owing to the stoppage of railway construction in the United States, to the falling off in shipbuilding at home, and to the general collapse of speculation. This being so, it is not probable that the miners would be able to extort a rise of from 10 to 15 per cent., even if they had decided generally to strike. No doubt the season of the year is favourable, since house coal will be in more demand during the next three months than in any other quarter of the year; since, moreover, gas is more necessary, and is burned for a longer time; and since, finally, railways must be supplied in winter as well as in summer. But, on the other hand, the manufacturing and shipping demand is less. The moment chosen for pressing the men's demand, then, was not opportune. It is difficult, indeed, to understand the tactics of the Trades-Union leaders. They knew that their funds were low, and therefore that they were not in a position to maintain a long fight. They must be aware that coal is valuable chiefly as an instrument of production, and that in the present depressed state of trade exceptional prosperity for it is not to be reckoned on. Lastly, the Sheffield Conference proves that outside of Yorkshire they could count upon no powerful support. Probably they were led away by Yorkshire. But why Yorkshire differs so strongly from other counties does not appear. It may be that there the disinclination to working in the pits is most developed.

The question at issue in the cotton trade is much simpler. It is admitted there by both employers and employed that the trade is in a bad way; that the difference in price between yarn and cloth is not sufficient to leave the employers a reasonable profit on the capital invested when all costs are paid; and the dispute, therefore, is as to the remedy which ought to be applied. The masters ask the men to submit to a reduction of 5 per cent. in their wages, being a shilling in the pound; while the workpeople object that such a reduction would in no way benefit the masters, and that the true remedy is a restriction of production. The representatives of the workpeople have calculated how much the saving would be if the reduction were agreed to, and they say that it could in no way stimulate consumption. They argue, therefore, that the measure would simply benefit merchants; that, in the keenness of their competition, the manufacturers would have to lower their terms to the merchants; and that, therefore, the trade would be no better than before. On the other hand, they contend that a restriction of production would give time for the present glut in the markets to be worked off. It is clear that both remedies can be only temporary in their effect. The trade is suffering from an insufficient consumption. In other words, more cotton cloth is produced than the world at present is able to buy; and, although a reduction of wages might help the master-weavers, in the long run it seems clear that further reductions would have to be submitted to. It is equally evident that short time, or a total suspension for some weeks, would have merely temporary effects. It would allow, no doubt, of

the present over-supply being greatly diminished, or perhaps altogether got rid of; but the glut would come again after a while. The real and permanent remedy is to be sought in opening up new markets. One after the other the foreign markets formerly supplied by this country have been closed by protective tariffs, and either these old markets must be re-conquered, or new markets must be opened up elsewhere. The question, of course, is how to do either, and if the cotton manufacturers cannot succeed, they must inevitably see their trade distressed heavily from time to time. The weaker will thus get ruined, and perhaps the thing will right itself after a long time by much suffering, by the transferring of capital to more prosperous trades, and by the emigration of the operatives. If the trade is to go on growing, it is clear that markets sufficient to consume the outturn must be found. In the meantime, however, a temporary remedy may be found in either of the proposals; but as a strike would in effect be tantamount to a stoppage of production, it is probable that neither employers nor employed are very eager to arrange their dispute, and therefore that a strike will occur.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is still described on the cover of the Catalogue as an "exhibition of sketches and studies." Yet but for this notice no one would think it. There are a few sketches and studies, as there are in any collection of water-colours, but by far the larger number of works are as highly finished as they can be. Take, for example, Mr. Carl Haag's two heads (104, 377), representing Arab types; they are as delicate as miniatures. So, too, Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Declaration" (349) is a picture complete and minute to a microscopical degree. There are, it is true, some real sketches, and of them, some are likely to be the objects of considerable interest among visitors to the gallery. The Princess Louise sends two sketches (105, 278), evidently open-air work, without any attempt at after touching; there are some chalk studies by Mr. Poynter (420, 426); some architectural and other sketches by Mr. Ruskin; and a very fine, bold study by Mr. Brewtall, for his picture of last summer, "Upon the Wings of the Wind" (314). The numerous pictures exhibited by Mr. Charles Gregory have, if anything, too much detail, though it is often detail of a kind pleasing in itself. His "Squire" (36), for example, is a charming village landscape, as well as a picture containing some very pretty figures. One of the faces, indeed, is lovely. His views at Rye have all, perhaps, a somewhat spotty effect; but one, at least, deserves high praise, "From the Ypres Tower" (66). Miss Clara Montalba is well represented by "Zwyndrecht, Holland" (67); and the influence of the same school and scheme of colour may be traced in the "Sketch off Greenhithe" (278), by the Princess Louise, in which the smoky pall of London overshadows the river. Mr. Henry Moore's contributions are six in number, and all show the same knowledge and dexterity in drawing waves and the same delicate eye for colour. An eye which sees nature in a very different phase is that of Mr. Holman Hunt. He exhibits five little views, some of Cornish, some of Surrey, scenery, which are gems of prismatic brilliancy, if perhaps a little too highly coloured to represent the ordinary aspect of English landscape. Mr. Clarence White indulges also in strong effects; but his "Thunder Splittin' Peaks of Arnan" (53) will remind the visitor rather of the work of the late Samuel Palmer. Some of Mrs. Allingham's little studies are very charming; others betray a certain feebleness; but there is nothing but praise to be accorded to "The Granary Steps" (80), in which a lovingly-painted child feeds the poultry. On the whole, perhaps this, of all the galleries now open, is the one which will longest detain the visitor—partly from the comfort and moderate size of the gallery itself, but principally, of course, from the high average merit of the very select collection of pictures exhibited.

The variety afforded by the walls of the old Society, with its numerous different styles and kinds of water-colour painting, is contrasted in our minds with the uniformity of the show on the walls of Messrs. Agnew, in Old Bond Street. Mr. Keeley Halswelle betrays the source from which, year by year, he has drawn the noble landscapes exhibited at the Royal Academy. *Six Years in a House-Boat* is the title of a large and handsomely-printed catalogue of the sketches here brought together. They are eighty in number, of very uniform excellence. The house-boat, named the *Kelpie*, is represented in "Day's Lock" (8), and on the title-page of the Catalogue by a woodcut. "She is about 50 feet in length by 11 feet beam. The dwelling part consists of a saloon, bedrooms, pantry, and kitchen, and is substantially built throughout of pitch strengthened with solid oak treads." Mr. Halswelle goes at greater length into an account of her merits, and apparently would not be sorry to undertake another six years' cruise in her. This is the day of strange catalogues, and the art critic has to be equipped with special pockets or accompanied by a boy in buttons when he makes his rounds. Mr. Halswelle has put his notes into a volume measuring some eight inches by eleven, and consisting for the most part of elegant extracts from the British poets. Hardly anything in which the Thames is mentioned has been omitted, though we fail to find Pope's reference in the *Dunciad* to the Fleet Ditch with its "disemboguing streams," rolling their "tribute of dead dogs to Thames." This redundancy

of quotation is all very well at home; but we have not the pictures at home, and Mr. Halswelle's remarkable piece of what we cannot avoid considering as misplaced labour causes nothing but inconvenience. The pictures do not really require so much "bush," and are quite able to please without the help of the poetry. Mr. Halswelle's art has its peculiarities. Distance has no enchantment for him. Even his clouds seem near at hand. But, as faithful representations of Thames scenery, it would be difficult to imagine anything better. Composition is not neglected. These are not mere coloured photographs. In some there are very appropriate figures painted by Mr. H. S. Marks, and in others boats, trees, locks, weirs, riverside flags, and other objects are made to enhance the effect. An evening scene (58), illustrated by a quotation "from the German," is the most imaginative piece, and is dark in tone, but fine in colour and full of depth and feeling; as is a companion, "Hart's Lock Wood" (66). For the rest, another evening scene, "Streatley from the Weir" (75), pleases us best; but very nearly equal is "On the Tow-path—the Wicket-gate to Sonning Church" (25); and the next picture, to which Mr. Halswelle has appended Tennyson's couplet—

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver—

is in his most happy manner. The sketch of Windsor, from which the grand landscape of last season was evidently painted, is very disappointing, as is a view of Eton; but we cannot help regretting that Mr. Halswelle has not given us more of the fine foggy and cloudy effects to be seen below London. The first sketch in the list is entitled "Near Purfleet," and makes us wish for more. It is described in a quotation from Peacock:—

Clouds on clouds in volumes driven
Curtain round the vault of heaven.

Altogether Messrs. Agnew offer a very attractive exhibition, especially to any one who can echo Mr. Halswelle's expressions of love for the "great father of the British floods."

Among the minor exhibitions open is one of great interest at the gallery of Messrs. Goupil in New Bond Street. Here, again, we meet with a long series of landscape studies by one artist, Mr. Frank Myers Boggs, an American by birth, but wholly French in art, and his sketches in oil and water-colour excel in that brilliancy and rapidity for which the French school is so remarkable. If Mr. Halswelle's aim has been to produce pretty pictures, Mr. Boggs's conception of the objects of art is wholly different. There are some Thames views remarkable for breadth and power, but deficient in the softer qualities. "A Boat-Landing at Poppendrecht" (11), with its fine effect of light and its grey tone, is a splendid example of the artist's power to catch and fix a fleeting phase of nature. The same may be said of "A Squall on the Meuse" (14), which is a remarkably clever and satisfactory study of a difficult subject. The "Old City Gate at Dortrecht" (21) is among the most pleasing of Mr. Boggs's pictures, and exhibits great technical knowledge and solidity of painting. Messrs. Goupil have also three pictures by a young artist, who seems to have "impressionist" leanings, Mr. Maurice Pollock. The first "impression" one receives from them is that they are not in any sense pretty; but against that fact must be set another. They are essentially poetical. The gaunt white cottage, the abode of poverty, set in a weedy field of poor land, on a cold, bare French hill in the Calvados, the pale moon setting behind, and the cold morning light ushering in another day of hard toil, and perhaps misery, all tell on one's feelings and sentiments in such a way as to give the picture a not wholly disagreeable fascination for the eye, little as beauty of effect has been sought or considered. A moonlight scene, with burning weeds in the middle distance, is more pleasing; but here the foreground strikes the eye as slightly "spotty"—a fault common to most of the pictures of the school to which we have referred. The third picture is an orchard scene; and here the artist appears to have consulted the conventionalities to some extent, and his work, without perhaps so much originality, is certainly more pleasant to the eye than in the two other examples. Messrs. Goupil are fortunate, also, in the possession of an excellent pair of Corots. They are not fancy scenes, but evidently views taken from nature, and remind us of the scenery of the Seine, near Paris. When we look at them, it is impossible not to wish Corot had known English landscape. If he could make so much of French landscape, with its wretched trees and its comparatively hard and airless distance, what might he not have done in an English forest, under the softening effect of a blue or misty background! Even in Hyde Park he would have found noble themes; and often as we look up the Broad Walk of Kensington Gardens we are reminded of his work, though in all probability he never saw a tree like those which border that splendid avenue.

In addition to the picture galleries, an exhibition of "Mediæval and Industrial Art" has been opened at 175 Bond Street, and is well worth a visit. It contains, among other attractions, some specimens of the tapestry made at the Royal Works, Windsor, as well as a quantity of ancient and modern wood-carving collected by Mr. Rogers, and including a fine example of Grinling Gibbons.

THE GOLDEN RING.

THE Alhambra reopened on Monday night with *The Golden Ring*, described on the bills as a "fairy spectacular opera," the libretto by Mr. G. R. Sims, the music by Mr. Frederic Clay. With equal truth and greater comprehension it might be called a medley. This is certainly no fault of the composer. The traditions of the Alhambra and the exigencies of its stage had to be complied with; hence, in addition to Mr. Clay's music, there are elements of extravaganza and farce, much spoken dialogue and comic business, besides the usual *quantum* of ballet and pageant. The action moves between this world and a world of demons, fairies, witches, resuscitated pirates, and other strange products of fancy, with the fabulous kingdom of Frangipan lying midway as a debatable land. Serious criticism of the dramatic action of such a work—where fairy-power makes everything lawful, however inexpedient—is quite out of the question. Yet the purely operatic portion suffers artistically from the interpolated comic scenes, amusing as these are, and violent transformations are destructive of the illusory charm of the music. Byron, we know, was censured by certain old-fashioned critics for merely introducing Arimanes in *Manfred*, a drama modern in scene and treatment. In *The Golden Ring* Arimanes is very active. In one scene he has dealings with the spirits of illustrious buccaneers, from whose presence we pass at once to the central annexe of the Fisheries Exhibition—from a scene of incantation and music, instinct with colour and romance, to a throng of everyday folk eager for the sixpenny fish-dinner. This is the common artifice of pantomime. To such merry humours the spirit of Mr. Clay's music is generally alien. He leaves to his collaborator most of the fun of the fair, and his best music remains "a thing apart."

The plot is intricate, and the incidents highly melodramatic. In the first act the powers of good and evil are at strife, in the persons of two fairies, the White and Red Queens. In order to save herself from being transformed into a Pythoness, the latter endeavours to ensnare the Princess of Frangipan as a maiden offering to the Python King. Cleon (of Florida) enamoured of the Princess, rashly binds himself, body and soul, to aid her enterprise. The entrance of the Princess is the occasion of a striking chorus of witches, very fresh and melodious, leading to a beautiful *ensemble*, "Softly, tread softly," a rich harmonious effect being produced by the men's voices taking the refrain in unison. The discovery of the sleeping Princess by Florian, Prince of Florida, is the next musical incident. The expressive recitative, "What lovely vision," shows how well Mr. Clay can dispense with the absurd incongruity of spoken dialogue. A pretty duet ensues, sung with great taste and feeling by Miss Marion Hood, but somewhat marred by Mr. Gaillard's tremolo, which has developed of late. The Red Queen interposes, and is about to separate the lovers when the White Queen's arrival compels the powers of darkness to flee. The next scene is like a picture by Claude—enchanted and Arcadian. The rivals, Cleon and Florian, meet in combat; and the victorious Florian is welcomed by the Princess and Calino, the King, as a hero. The magic gold ring is presented by the White Queen to Florian, Calino announces his departure for foreign lands, and the scene closes with a lively sailor's hornpipe, in which the dancers mimic very prettily "stout galley-rowers' toil." In the next act Florian and the Princess find themselves in portentous difficulties, and by the talismanic ring summon the White Queen. Their Invocation is one of the best numbers in the opera, delicately instrumented and full of melodic grace. The chief persons of the drama suddenly appear at the Fisheries Exhibition, where the faithless conduct of Calino (humorously played by Mr. J. G. Taylor) is unmasked by his Queen, who has accompanied the lovers to London. The act ends in wreck and disaster, the ring coming into the possession of the Red Queen. Two splendid ballets of storm and sunshine here intervene. In the last act the *dénouement* is reached through a series of rapid and exciting events. Just as evil seems triumphant, and Florian and the distressed Princess are in the power of the enemy, the happiness of the lovers is completed by a master-stroke, and the curtain falls on a scene resplendent with pageant and festival.

Mr. Clay's music is bright and melodious, and effectively, if somewhat lightly, scored. The vocal writing displays more character and more genuine inspiration than the orchestration. The Princess's song, "There's a maid, and she's fair to see," "The Last Good-bye," and "The Star of Love" are all good songs, to which full justice was rendered by Miss Hood, Mr. Gaillard, and Miss Constance Loseby. The choruses and other concerted pieces are skilfully constructed; the fisher-folk's chorus in act ii., in particular, is very finely harmonized. The finale in the last act—where Cleon triumphs over Florian and the Princess—is the most elaborate and ambitious concerted piece, is well proportioned, and distinguished by genuine dramatic power. The music altogether leaves a pleasing impression of graceful facility and natural melodic fluency rather than individuality. Not infrequently the instrumentation suggests *Lohengrin*, but always fugitively; it is curious, however, that with such influence at work the use of the *leit-motif* is quite ignored. The libretto is above average merit, and Mr. Sims's verses may be read without exasperation. It is almost unnecessary to say that the piece is magnificently mounted, and that the orchestra, under the conduct of M. Rivière, is efficient at all points. Mr. Aynsley Cook, as Arimanes, plays with admirable spirit and sings in excellent style. Mr. Gaillard is too

demonstrative, and his voice a little hard in tender passages; while Mr. F. Mervin, as Cleon, injures the effect of his singing by a stilted unnatural bearing. Miss Constance Loseby, as the White Queen, sings with her usual deft intelligence, her phrasing being invariably good. Miss Marion Hood is more successful in the opening act than subsequently, and Miss Adelaide Newton is satisfactory as the Red Queen. Miss Eily Beaumont's fine voice is heard but too seldom. The comic parts are filled with much humour and point by Mr. J. G. Taylor, Miss Sallie Turner, and Mr. George Mudie. The costumes, decorations, and scenery are excellent.

REVIEWS.

TROJA.*

DR. SCHLIEMANN has compiled three books on the results of his excavations in the Troad. *Troja* contains his last words, and the words (not the last, we fear) of many learned allies, almost as numerous as the allies of Priam. As we shall be obliged in many places to dissent from the arguments of Dr. Schliemann and some of his friends, we may once more repeat the expression of our admiration for his enthusiasm, his energy, and his good fortune. Both at Mycenæ and in the Troad Dr. Schliemann's labours have been rewarded by results (however we may interpret them) of the very highest interest and importance. In collections of learned evidence from every source, Dr. Schliemann is also unwearied, and his new book is not only most admirably and copiously illustrated, but is completed by an exemplary index. All this we say, not only because all this is true, but because Dr. Schliemann is apt to resent every expression of difference of opinion as "an attack," as displaying an *animus*. In this vast volume there are three or four most personal and bitter onslaughts on Mr. Jebb, who has ventured to hold an opinion different from that of Dr. Schliemann as to the precise meaning of his discoveries. Terms of personal insult are freely tossed about chiefly by the *ἐπίκουροι*; "pedantry," "envy," and "charlatanism" are charges made or coarsely insinuated, and all this violence is aroused by difference of theory on points somewhat obscure, and, as far as we can see, not always very important. Let us assure Dr. Schliemann, then, and his allies, that we consider his discoveries to be unequalled in interest by any that archaeology has ever made; and that the excavator's arduous industry and *fuir* command our highest respect.

Where, then, do we differ from Dr. Schliemann? This can be most readily explained by a quotation from the preface by Professor Sayce, who writes:—"Dr. Schliemann has been vaguely accused of obscuring his facts by his theories, and the public has been warned that a strict distinction should be made between the theories he has put forward and the facts he has discovered." A very necessary warning, too. Dr. Schliemann, small blame to him, is an enthusiast. In the first glow of success he announced that he had discovered the very "treasure of Priam" and the "Scean gate." In short, he clearly believed, not only that he had lit on a prehistoric city whose fall might be the grain of fact in the tale of Troy, but that he had unearthed cups and jewels of the very sort which Homer had in his mind, and palaces like those which are familiar in Homeric descriptions. Now, in criticizing Dr. Schliemann, we have always maintained that the civilization which Homer describes was infinitely more advanced than that of "the clay age" (as an archaeologist has called it) which is revealed at Hissarlik. The palaces of Priam and Menelaus, the gold and silver work of the Sidonians, these belong to the period in which Phœnician enterprise had already made Greeks familiar with the art and luxury of Assyria and Egypt. Now, according to Professor Sayce himself, Phœnician influence had not even reached Hissarlik when the "burnt city" fell, the burned city in which Dr. Schliemann now recognizes Homeric Ilium. So far, then, as Dr. Schliemann has maintained that the vitrified clay walls and barbaric gold of Hissarlik represent the cities and the Sidonian art which Homer knew, we conceive him to be mistaken, and to be misleading the public.

Troja leaves us in great doubt as to what Dr. Schliemann's present opinion about these points may be. He tells us that in *Ilios* (1880) he regarded the third of his prehistoric cities as "the Ilium of the legend immortalized by Homer." But, after publishing *Ilios*, he "became sceptical, because the 'divine poet,' with the fidelity of an eyewitness," had represented Ilium (also called Iliou and Ilios by Dr. Schliemann and his *ἐπίκουροι*) "as a great, elegant, flourishing, well-inhabited, well-built city, with large streets," whereas the third city was very small, and, in fact, a village. Consequently, Dr. Schliemann looked about for a "great, elegant, flourishing, well-built, well-inhabited city," and this he seems to think he has found in his "burnt city" No. 2. Oddly enough, Mr. Jebb had already remarked (*Hellenic Society's Journal*, April 1881, p. 43) that "one at least of Dr. Schliemann's prehistoric cities, that which he now denominates the 'second,' has in this respect [total destruction] an advantage over the 'burnt city' which he identifies with Troy." Dr. Schliemann has recognized that Mr. Jebb was right; at all events,

* *Troja*. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. London: John Murray. 1884.

he now avers "that he has uncovered the Ilium of Homer" (Sayce, *Contemporary Review*, December 1883) in the "second burnt city" recommended to his attention by Mr. Jebb. But what does Dr. Schliemann mean by the "Ilium of Homer"? If he means that Homer, when he describes Troy, had in his mind such a city as the "second burnt city" was, we must absolutely differ from his conclusion. Dr. Schliemann calls the buildings in his second city "sumptuous"; yet these sumptuous mansions were made of crude clay bricks, built up while they were wet, and then "vitrified" by the application of large fires. Some walls are "slack baked," some are better baked, just as it might happen. The roofing was of the kind still used in the Troad—that is, it consisted of "strong wooden beams, smaller cross rafters, rushes, and a thick layer of clay," more like the huts of the Achæans than the palace of Priam. The foundations of the temples are "small unwrought stones," which are sometimes covered with "large stone slabs." How could the poet who knew "Tiryns of the mighty walls" which we still marvel at, how could he regard a city like the second burnt city as "sumptuous"? Homer knew that mode of decoration in which bronze plates were fastened to strong stone inner walls, and would scarcely have thought a house made of brick baked *in situ* "well builded." Again, because "Temple B" is "divided into three rooms," Dr. Schliemann is reminded of the house of Paris, with its *θάλαμος, δῶμα, and αὐλή*. But the meaning of these terms (especially of the *αὐλή*, a wide court in front of the house) is perfectly well understood, and has no relation to "three rooms" in a temple. The walls of the Acropolis of Dr. Schliemann's burned city were built of "small calcareous stones, united with a coarse clay cement," and "could not have supported an upper edifice . . . if they had not been strengthened with wooden posts." Thus the burnt city, though it extended over the plain below Pergamos, was by no means the sort of city which any reader of Homer, or any one who has ever seen a picture of Mycenæ or Thebes in their secular strength, can suppose Homer to have had in his mind. Throughout Dr. Schliemann's writings there is present a desire to prove that Homer was speaking of objects and buildings like these found at Hisarlik. Yet he admits (*Troja*, p. 278) that the "Homeric age was the ninth century," whereas the traditional tomb of Protesilaus "may with the greatest probability be attributed to the age of the second city of Hisarlik." This means of course that the age of Homer and the age of the second city of Hisarlik are widely remote. While Dr. Schliemann is of that opinion we quite agree with him. We believe that the town at Hisarlik is all the Ilios there ever was, and think it very probable that the fall of the town is the grain of fact in the tale of Troy. But if Dr. Schliemann holds that the second burnt city was "sumptuous," or "well builded," or at all such a town as Homer knew, or that the gold ornaments are "Priam's treasure," or that the rickety clay walls were the god-builded walls of Homer's fancy, why then we think Dr. Schliemann both mistaken and inconsistent.

Let us look at a few more of the "theories" which Dr. Schliemann's critics assail. Here is a funny example. In *Ilios* (p. 336) there is a woodcut of an excessively rude leaden figure of a woman. Two twisted appendages hang from her head—one of them broken. Her meagre hands meet, clasped across her breast, and a St. Andrew's cross with feet to its limbs is scratched on a kind of triangle on her stomach. Dr. Schliemann called the things on the figure's head "long goat-horns," and the St. Andrew's cross with feet he regarded, apparently, as what some people call a *swastika*, which (as figured in the woodcut) it is not. He recognized the image (from its goat-horns) as an Aphrodite. He said similar figures were found in Attic tombs. M. Lenormant remarks that these figures "of a more than barbarous art" have their prototype in the Babylonian "Zarpanit," or "Zirbanit." Professor Sayce now says that this extremely savage figure is "exactly modelled after her form in archaic Babylonian and Hittite art, and adorned with the *swastika*," and he gives an illustration of what, according to Professor Max Müller, is not a *swastika* at all, but the converse—a *sauvastika*. (*Ilios*, p. 346.) Professor Sayce then comments on "precisely the same figure with ringlets" found elsewhere; so we presume Dr. Schliemann's goat's horns, with all the learning thereto attached, are now ringlets. The lead figure is thus, as we gather, not an Aphrodite, but "Atê, the native name of the Trojan goddess whom the Greeks identified with their Athene, and Athi was also the name of the great goddess of Carchemish," a Hittite deity. We have thus our choice between a kind of Aphrodite with horns or a kind of Athene with ringlets. But as this choice may seem too restricted, Professor Sayce also tells us that the leaden figure "is the Artemis Nana of Chaldea, who became the chief deity of Carchemish, the Hittite capital." (*Ilios*, p. 694.) Artemis, Athene, Aphrodite are thus before us, like the goddesses awaiting the judgment of Paris. But, unlike Paris, we shall not attempt to decide on the claims of ladies so diverse and so implacable.

After this curious example of the consistency of science, let us examine a little topographical discovery of Dr. Schliemann's. Dr. Schliemann has confessed that "maybe what I called 'red and calcined ruins' was really a brick wall" (*Troja*, p. 56), and his opponents will admit that he is ever ready to modify his arguments into conformity with facts or with "science." His topographical discovery bears on the flight of Hector from Achilles. "Past the watch-place and wind-waved fig-tree sped they ever, away from under the wall, along the waggon-track,

and came to the two fair-flowing springs, where two fountains rise that feed deep eddying Scamander. The one floweth with warm water . . . while the other, even in summer, floweth forth like cold hail, or snow, or ice that water formeth." Beneath a rock, crowned with three fig-trees, Dr. Schliemann has found a cavern, with pipes of Roman times and conduits "of a very primitive sort." From the cavern three springs flow into what Dr. Schliemann thinks the ancient bed of the Scamander, "and the springs might for this reason be called by the poet the sources of this river." Here, then, Dr. Schliemann thinks he may have found the two Homeric springs, hot and cold, and the remains of water-works may represent the washing-places of the women of Troy. Against this the sceptic can only urge that Homer knew two springs, one hot and one cold; whereas Dr. Schliemann's springs are three, none of them hot. "Use dynamite! I would use earthquakes!" said a social reformer lately. Dr. Schliemann uses earthquakes. "The warm spring may have been already destroyed by an earthquake in remote antiquity, or changed by the same cause into a cold-water spring." Or rather, we may add, into two cold-water springs. And when does Dr. Schliemann think that the "three trenches" were cut in the rock for the three springs? (*Ilios*, p. 626). The three springs cannot be later than the three trenches. Here there are obvious difficulties; but it would be cruel to blame Dr. Schliemann for an identification of a site which was really very tempting.

Though mere scholars are warned not to rush in among the disputes of archaeologists, we cannot but ask Dr. Schliemann where he got the following piece of archaeology:—"Swords appear to have been unknown even to the Anglo-Saxons, who still fought at the battle of Hastings, in 1066 A.D., with spears, axes, and clubs, all of which weapons consisted of stone, and were attached to wooden shafts." As a matter of fact, Mr. Freeman thinks that some of the light-armed English levies at Senlac used stone hatchets, "perhaps we may recognize them in the odd-looking clubs which are borne by the flying English in the Tapestry," but of course the "ancient broadsword, the weapon of Brunanburh, of Maldon, and of Assandun," was also used. That an archaeologist should imagine swords to have been unknown to the English *donne furieusement à penser*, as the *Précieuses* used to say. That no swords nor moulds for swords have been found at Hisarlik proves, as Dr. Schliemann says, "the great distance of time which separates the ruins from Homer, with whom swords are in common use." As swords, moreover, are very common in the royal tombs of Mycenæ, a great distance of time should also separate the fall of the burnt city from the burial of the warriors at Mycenæ, and, so far, the legend that the warriors had just returned from Troy must be regarded as erroneous.

Before leaving Dr. Schliemann's book, let us point out that he is scarcely just to two critics, Mr. Jebb and the late Dr. Brentano. In *Ilios* (p. 349) Dr. Schliemann published a "terra-cotta ball, representing apparently the climates of the globe." A lot of scratches adorned the middle zone of the ball. Now this object was found at a depth of twenty-six feet, and consequently was in an extremely prehistoric stratum. Mr. Jebb and Dr. Brentano argued that the ball, "representing apparently the climates of the globe," could not be earlier than Eudoxus of Cnidus, "to whom is due the division into zones." The date of Eudoxus was given as 370-360 B.C. Therefore, if the ball represented the climates of the globe, either the stratum in which the ball was found was not prehistoric, or the ball had slipped down very curiously from a recent into an historic stratum. Dr. Brentano added that there was an "inscription" on the ball. To this Dr. Schliemann replies, "My bitter critic, therefore, recognized in [two scratches, the so-called swastika and sauastika] written characters! Surely this is a sufficient *reductio ad absurdum*!" But Dr. Schliemann himself, when publishing the ball in *Ilios*, says, "Professor Sayce remarks that the central ornament is the Cypriote character *ki*." This is all the "inscription" poor Dr. Brentano referred to. And as an "inscription" of a single letter on the die of a seal, with three others on the handle, is expounded, with another possible character, *ko* or *go*, in a bull's mouth, in Professor Sayce's learned appendix to *Ilios*, Dr. Brentano's meaning is perfectly plain. He complained that the Cypriote character on the ball was not noticed in the appendix. What he meant was this, "Here you give us a ball, which you say 'apparently represents the zones of the earth.' On that ball you discover a Cypriote character. Do you really believe that Cypriote characters survived in use after 370-360 B.C., when the theory of these zones was demonstrated?" As far as we can see, this was quite a fair argument. But Dr. Schliemann calls the criticism "most ridiculous," "the most absurd of all absurd criticisms." Yet how can he escape from the position that he believed a ball probably to represent the zones of the earth, though he was informed that the ball was marked with a Cypriote character? Dr. Schliemann has now shown the ball to an astronomer (Dr. Schmidt), whose answer is cautious. If an astronomer did not know where the balls were found, then "the circles might, indeed, deserve his attention." But how does this answer, and what follows, help Dr. Schliemann? If it is "absurd" to say the zones are apparently represented, why does he say it? If, found elsewhere, the balls would be taken for zones, why shirk the inference? And if, as Dr. Schliemann's astronomical friend holds, "numerous similar balls appear principally to represent mere decorations," would it not be well to avoid looking for "swastikas" and Cypriote *ki*'s among mere decorations? For our part we dare say Astyanax played fives with the ball, that the scratches are

scratches pure and simple, and that the resemblance of one mark to a Cypriote *ki* may be merely fortuitous. The topic is not one that should move archaeological minds to indignation. But Dr. Schliemann is mistaken (*Troja*, p. 241) when he says that he has "answered in full Professor Jebb's and Brentano's fallacies about the terra-cotta ball." The "fallacies" were his own. The inferences of his opponents were logically unassailable.

TREASURE ISLAND.*

BURIED treasure is one of the very foundations of romance. To our thinking, there are no such enchanting passages in the *Arabian Nights* themselves as those in which the hero, alone in the mysterious desert, comes suddenly, even promiscuously, on an iron ring in the earth, and, lifting the trapdoor to which it is attached, descends by a neat stone staircase into a subterranean chamber chastely furnished with brazen jars, which on examination prove to be filled to the brim with sequins, or gold-dust, or diamonds and emeralds of the largest size and the purest water. Aladdin's lamp and ring are, after all, no more than talismanic introductions to the hoard of the djinns, which is an example of buried treasure on the largest and costliest scale; the secret of the cave where Ali Baba spoiled the forty robbers of their ill-gotten gains is but a variation on the same delightful theme—at the back of it there is buried treasure in its most romantic shape. What is El Dorado itself but an ideal of discovery and hidden wealth? To many of us *The Gold Beetle* is Poe's best story. To many of us the interest of *Monte Cristo* culminates in the discovery of the hoards of César Borgia. To many of us Facino Cane lighting on the secret bank of the Venetian Republic is one of the most striking of Balzac's many wonderful and moving inventions. The scheme looks noble and adventurous which has for its object the rescue of doubloons and ingots from between the ribs of tall galleons, sunk long ages back in mysterious nooks of ocean. The pirate who so far respected himself as to deal in treasure-hiding becomes at once heroic. To have buried moldores and pieces-of-eight in islets off the Spanish Main is to have deserved well of romance and the arts. Kidd is a hero by virtue of his buried gold; and the memory of Execution Dock itself is powerless to break the spell and ruin the tradition.

This is the theory on which Mr. Stevenson has written *Treasure Island*. Primarily it is a book for boys, with a boy-hero and a string of wonderful adventures. But it is a book for boys which will be delightful to all grown men who have the sentiment of treasure-hunting and are touched with the true spirit of the Spanish Main. It is the story of the monstrous pile which Flint, the great pirate, buried, with extraordinary circumstances of secrecy and ferocity, on an unknown islet; and it sets forth, with uncommon directness and dexterity, the adventures of certain persons who went in search of the cache, and returned to Bristol city with seven hundred thousand pounds in all the coinages of the world. It contains a delightful map (a legacy from Flint himself), a hoard that will bear comparison with Monte Cristo's own, a fort, a stockade, a maroon, and one of the most remarkable pirates in fiction. (Like all Mr. Stevenson's good work, it is touched with genius. It is written—in that crisp, choice, nervous English of which he has the secret—with such a union of measure and force as to be in its way a masterpiece of narrative. It is rich in excellent characterization, in an abundant invention, in a certain grim romance, in a vein of what must, for want of a better word, be described as melodrama, which is both thrilling and peculiar.) It is the work of one who knows all there is to be known about *Robinson Crusoe*, and to whom Dumas is something more than a great *amuseur*; and it is in some ways the best thing he has produced.

Mr. Stevenson deals but sparingly in landscape and the emotional analysis of emotion. He makes his personages explain themselves. What he is most interested in is his story. In his very first paragraph he gives us a foretaste of all the many delights of the book. "I take up my pen," says Jim Hawkins, the boy-hero, "in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the 'Admiral Benbow' inn, and the brown old seaman with the sabre cut first took up his lodgings under our roof." The brown old seaman is a tremendous and ferocious rascal; "a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man," Jim Hawkins writes, with a "tarry pig-tail," hands "ragged and scarred, with black, dirty nails," and "the sabre cut across his face a dirty, livid white." He consumes immense quantities of rum; he settles his score in blasphemies and threats—he is always singing, to himself or the "Admiral Benbow's" guests, in "a high old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars," a certain reckless and desperate shanty—

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yeo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum,
Drink and the Devil had done for the rest—

and so forth; he is full of oaths and wicked stories—"about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main." What is more, he is in daily and nightly terror of men of his own profession; he is always looking out to sea through a brass telescope; and he engages Jim Hawkins at fourpence a month (the only debt

he ever pays) to keep his "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg." For some time the captain (so he dubs himself) pursues his wicked way unchecked; he roars, he swaggers, he bullies the company, he takes down unlimited rum, he even ventures on a brush with Dr. Livesey, the village physician, and is severely worsted. But at last, though not in the shape he had feared, his fate swoops down upon him. One day there comes to the "Admiral Benbow" a leering, evil-looking mariner, with two fingers slashed from his left hand. This gentleman, who answers to the name of Black Dog, beards the captain, though with visible reluctance. He is presently put to flight by that awful shipman, who gashes him badly on the shoulder, and, after pursuing him for some little distance, comes back to the inn and has a fit on the parlour floor. When Dr. Livesey, of whom he is much afraid, strips his arm to bleed him, he finds it neatly tattooed with piratical devices—a gallows, "Billy Bones his Fancy," and such like; and when, restored to something like his right mind and threatened with death if he persists in his habit of rum, he finds he is too weak to get away, as he is wild to do, he breaks into strange and tremendous confidences:—

"Jim," he said at length, "you saw that seafaring man to day?" "Black Dog?" I asked. "Ah! Black Dog," says he. "He's a bad 'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away now, and they tip me the black spot, mind you, it's my old sea-chest they're after; you get on a horse—you can, can't you? Well, then, you get on a horse, and go to—well, yes, I will!—to that eternal Doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands—magistrates and sish—and he'll lay 'em aboard at the 'Admiral Benbow'—all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the on'y one as knows the place. He gave it me at Savannah, when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now, you see. But you won't peach unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a seafaring man with one leg, Jim—him above all."

As it falls out, these confidences are more or less useless. Jim's father, who is ailing, dies that same night; and the next day the pirate comes downstairs, and goes to work on the rum. He gets weaker and angrier and more drunken than ever; but his time is up, and he has death and terror on every hand of him. The day after the funeral Jim is standing at the inn door, when he sees "some one drawing slowly near along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick, and wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea cloak with a hood, that made him appear positively deformed." Addressing him in the true blind man's whine, this dreadful apparition implores to be led into the "Admiral Benbow." No sooner, however, does Jim take hands with him than "the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature" grips him as in a vice, playfully wrenches his joints for him, and, in a voice "so cruel and cold and ugly" that he never heard the like of it, commands him to take him in to the captain. That mariner is absolutely overwhelmed by the visit. He allows the black spot—"that's a summons, mate"—to be put upon him without resistance; and, as soon as his guest has withdrawn (which he does "with incredible accuracy and nimbleness"), he falls "from his whole height face foremost to the floor." That is the end of old Flint's first mate, the redoubtable Billy Bones. Of course Jim Hawkins knows that there is worse than death behind, that the black spot has been passed, and that in a very little while all Flint's crew will be down at the inn after Billy Bones's chest. He tells his mother all he knows; and she, after vainly asking help of her neighbours, determines to search the chest, and pay the pirate's score with whatever she may find. By the pirate's corpse they pick up the dreaded spot—"a little round of paper blackened on one side," and on the other, "written in a very good, clear hand," the words "You have till ten to-night." Tied to the dead man's neck they find the key of the chest. It is only six o'clock, and they have a good four hours before them; so they at once proceeded to make an inventory of Billy Bones's assets. Among these are a very good suit of clothes, "carefully brushed and folded—they had never been worn, my mother said"; "a quadrant, a tin canikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious East Indian shells"; "an old boat cloak, whitened with salt on many a harbour bar"; with "a bundle tied up in oil-cloth and looking like papers," and "a canvas bag that gave forth, at a touch, the jingle of gold." Mrs. Hawkins is obstinate to take no more than her due; and while she is hunting out the English coins in Billy Bones's very miscellaneous savings something happens. "I suddenly put my hand upon her arm," says Jim, "for I had heard in the silent frosty air a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road." What follows shall be told by none but Mr. Stevenson himself. It is too good and alarming to be paraphrased; and, besides, to take it out piecemeal would spoil the excitement and interest of the book.

As yet, it will be noted, the terrible seafaring man with one leg has not yet put in an appearance. When he does, he is so fascinating, and looks so innocent, that Jim Hawkins fails to recognize him. He turns up in Bristol, in the person of a certain John Silver, landlord of the "Spyglass," a tavern frequented by seamen. He is a big fellow, "very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham; plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling"; his left leg is cut off at the hip, and he carries a crutch, which he manages "with wonderful dexterity, hopping about on it like a bird." He has travelled all the world over; he has a black wife;

* *Treasure Island*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell & Co. 1883.

he is master of a parrot named Captain Flint; he is so helpful and clever, so smooth-spoken and powerful and charming, that everybody is deceived in him, and that to have him as cook aboard the *Hispaniola*, searching for Treasure Island and Flint's hoard, is to the leaders of the expedition the greatest piece of luck imaginable. Of course he makes himself the most useful of men while the ship is fitting out, and of course a considerable proportion of the crew are of his discovery and recommendation. The consequences are plain to the meanest capacity. There is a mutiny, and they hoist the black flag, the noble Jolly Roger; there are fights and murders and adventures; only a few of the expedition escape with their lives; and it is all John Silver's doing. John Silver, in fact, is Flint's old quartermaster, and the bloodiest and most dangerous villain of all Flint's crew of villains. (His wickedness is the wickedness of a man of genius; he has no heart, but he has any amount of character and brains; he is a desperado of the worst type, but entirely passionless—a kind of buccaneering Borgia; in victory and defeat alike he maintains a magnificent intellectual superiority—to himself, his comrades, and his circumstances; and when at last he disappears from the story, you are glad that he has not gone the way of all his companions (shot, drowned, stabbed, marooned), but has got off to his old negro with a whole skin and a bagful of pieces-of-eight. There are many good characters and sketches of character in the book—Dr. Livesey, Squire Trelawney, Captain Smollett, Billy Bones, Ben Gunn the maroon (a study of singular freshness and originality), the horrible blind pirate, Jim Hawkins himself (but Long John, called Barbecue, is incomparably the best of all). He, and not Jim Hawkins, nor Flint's treasure, is Mr. Stevenson's real hero; and you feel, when the story is done, that the right name of it is not *Treasure Island*, but *John Silver, Pirate*.)

EXAMPLES OF CARVED OAK WOODWORK.*

UNDER this slightly tautological title the author has published a series of very fair illustrations of such works in the architecture and furniture of the earlier English Renaissance as he has come across in the course of his professional practice; and as the examples chosen are characteristic and good, and are put together in an attractive form, the volume will be welcome to lovers of this phase of art. Houses of this date are rapidly disappearing through carelessness or decay. Furniture of the same period is no doubt highly valued at the present moment, though it is only lately that its wholesale destruction has been arrested. Even now the practice of working up ancient fragments into new and incongruous combinations is calculated to confuse and falsify the popular judgment. Museums cannot be made to contain old houses entire, and can only include a very limited selection from the quantity of design exhibited in old furniture. As the next best thing to the actual example is a good illustration of it, such works as these have their value, which the lapse of time is likely to increase.

There are few periods which possess more interest than that which exhibits the fusion of the characteristics of the Gothic and Renaissance styles; in which the simple, direct, and practical workmanship of the middle ages is enlivened by the free and fanciful lines which came to us from abroad and mainly from Flanders. Though the traces of the Continental origin of this later influence are everywhere apparent, our workmen showed their force and originality in absorbing and mastering all suggestions from foreign sources, and imparting to their work a distinctive character; and even the limited number of examples included in this volume are enough to show what a rich supply of invention they had at their command. To the illustrations of old work Mr. Sanders appends some efforts of his own in a similar direction—a part of his enterprise which might seem less well advised. It might argue him a trifle reckless or unduly modest, according to one's interpretation of his motive. If his object were to show us that the lost art of old times may be adequately renewed under present conditions, he would appear to have succeeded but indifferently. If he meant to emphasize the spontaneous and reticent character of early work by showing how, even in the hands of a genuine student, modern design can scarcely avoid some slight taint of an overcharged and self-conscious character, we may accept the lesson while we regret the needless self-sacrifice of the teacher.

ABIGEL ROWE.†

MR. LEWIS WINGFIELD'S book may possibly revive one of the very numerous and rather insoluble problems concerning the proper limits and conditions of the historical novel. With one of the canons of that difficult kind Mr. Wingfield has, at any rate in appearance and probably in intention, complied very carefully. His nominal hero and his nominal heroine, as well as his nominal first villain, are persons unknown to history, and he has even been careful, while introducing Cribb, Belcher, Mendoza, and other actual

heroes in a kind of pugilistic underplot, to make the prominent persons in this also fictitious. This is well, but it cannot perhaps be so positively asserted that Mr. Wingfield has kept his historical personages actually as well as nominally in the background. A great (perhaps the larger) part of the first volume is given to the sayings and doings of George the Magnificent, of his wife, of his daughter, of Brummel, Sheridan, Alvanley, &c. &c., and Mr. Wingfield expatiates on his own views as to the character and history of the first and most august of these personages at rather perilous length. It is not that there is not something to be said for these views as it is. There would be still more to be said for them if Mr. Wingfield had not gone out of his way to abuse George III. in order to vindicate George IV. This kind of whitewashing by means of the tar-brush is but a clumsy and inartistic process, and in this case it is not needed. That the King's management of his son was, especially in the matter of his marriage, not the most judicious may be readily admitted without abusing one of the best-intentioned and one of the most unlucky of British monarchs as a mean, stingy, treacherous, and tyrannical fool. This is, almost in so many words, what Mr. Wingfield's estimate of George III. comes to. Again, while admitting that the Fitzherbert connexion was comparatively respectable, we must say that to treat it offhand as a regular and valid marriage in face of Lord Hardwicke's and the Royal Marriage Acts is certainly not justifiable. Still, Gorgias has had such ample, and more than ample, justice done to his vices, that it is perhaps as well that some one should try to do justice, if not exactly to his virtues, which were few in number and exiguous in amount, at any rate to his good intentions, and to the unquestionable fashion in which everything seemed to work together to frustrate those intentions. It is perfectly true that Thackeray, seeing in George IV. an embodiment of the particular variety of snobbishness (it is sometimes forgotten that there are more kinds than one) which he most detested, gibbeted the unfortunate King on much too high a gallows and in much too heavy chains; and so much, at least, may be granted Mr. Wingfield. On the other hand, his picture of Queen—or rather, as she is during the course of the story, Princess—Caroline, though certainly not flattering, is perfectly just, and by no means wanting in ability. The monstrous fiction which represented that very ineligible person as an injured innocent has, indeed, very few defenders now. But there is still a kind of vague idea that she was very much more sinned against than sinning; whereas the fact is that, between her and her husband, there appears to have been remarkably little to choose, except that he could behave like a gentleman, while she had not even the remotest conception of behaving like a lady. If this politico-historical discussion seems out of place in a review of a novel, it can only be remarked that it certainly does not hold a greater place here than its subject does in the original. It remains to add that Mr. Wingfield's sketches of Sheridan and Brummel are vivid and of considerable merit. It would be rather interesting to know whether he is acquainted with M. Barbey d'Aurévilly's paradoxical pamphlet on the greatest, save Nash, of beaux. Evidently, whether he is so or not, he would not agree with it.

The story which is made the vehicle of these representations is one of some intricacy, and is not ill managed, though a more pronounced bringing out of the characters of the principal personages other than the historical ones would have made it artistically better, and certainly not less readable. Abigel Rowe is a half-gipsy by blood, and occupies a rather anomalous position in the household of Lord Osmington at Battle Magna in Yorkshire, a tolerably close replica of Fountains, or rather of Studley Royal. Her grandmother is Lord Osmington's housekeeper. Now Lord Osmington is a *roué* of the most advanced type of the period—a *roué* who turns out to be a villain as well. He is a bosom friend and boon companion of the Prince, whose follies he almost outdoes. His house in London contains a complete seraglio, and among his most innocent follies patronage of the Ring holds a principal place. His fortune is, however, so large, that he is in less straits for money than most of his set. But in return he has a Damocles sword hanging over him, from which they are free. His fortune, though not his title, is derived from certain Earls of Northallerton, about the disappearance of whose last representative there is some mystery; and not long before the story begins, an orphan boy, claiming to be Earl of Northallerton, has presented himself at Battle Magna. Lord Osmington has neither the heroic virtue to investigate the matter and restore the wandering heir, nor the insouciance requisite to pay no attention at all to it, nor—at least at this time—the hardihood in villainy to attempt the removal of his rival. He contents himself with apprenticing young Leoline in the village to a master who is pretty sure not to use him too kindly. The girl Abigel, however, takes a great fancy to the boy, to the disgust of her cousin Cyrus Smalley, a youth of soft heart but very hard fists. The coincidence of a visit of Caroline of Brunswick in one of her roivings about the country to the neighbourhood of Battle Magna, and of George himself to Battle Magna itself, has momentous influences on the loves of these young people. More to spite her husband's friend than for anything else, Caroline takes the boy to be her page, and affects to recognize his claim to the Northallerton peerage and estates, though she gives him no assistance in prosecuting it. After a time Lord Osmington takes a whimsical fancy (*en tout bien, tout honneur*) to Abigel, carries her up to London, has her educated and introduced in polite society. Nor is Cyrus without parallel, though not quite similar promotion, for his fistic prowess attracts the attention of the immortal Mr.

* *Examples of Carved Oak Woodwork in the Houses and Furniture of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By William Bliss Sanders, Architect. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1883.

† *Abigel Rowe.* By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

Cribb, and he, too, makes his way to the metropolis, and appears as the Sprig of Myrtle, a novice of great promise, whose skill and good repute are the subject of much heart-burning to one Mr. Caleb Rann, pupil of the immortal Mendoza, and rising hope of the opposition school of pugilism. Mr. Rann, poetically termed by the fancy the "Pink of Bow," is not, like Cyrus, a cleanly liver. His manners are devoid of chivalrous polish, he is given to liquor and bad language, and he is more than suspected of being open to offers for a "cross" on occasion. Both Cyrus and Leoline love Abigel with an honourable rivalry, which does not prevent the Sprig being Leoline's friend, and as this sets Lord Osmington against him, that unprincipled sportsman becomes the patron of Caleb, a relationship which has much to do with the evolution of the story.

That story we shall not attempt to tell. Its scene varies between London, Brighton, and Yorkshire, with plenty of minor changes, as from Carlton House to the place of refreshment, where Mr. Cribb, Mr. Belcher, and their heroic friends do congregate. Mr. Wingfield has not been too lavish of Tom-and-Jerry slang, and in his pugilistic scenes some persons of perverted tastes will even regret that he has not given a little more of the lost but loved (it is no shame to confess an affection for what had charms for Thackeray) language of the Ring. If everything connected with that institution had been as harmless and as innocently playful as its vocabulary, it might have survived to this day. There is an elaborate description of a masquerade at Wattier's, and another, scarcely less elaborate, of a drive in the palmy days of coaching to Brighton. The Princess Charlotte—who, by the way, becomes a great friend of Abigel's—plays an important part, and it is pleasant to find that Mr. Wingfield, while not hiding the hoydenish traits which she inherited from her mother, refuses altogether to accept the smirches with which backstairs tittle-tattle has tried to deface her fame. Mrs. Fitzherbert also appears, and Lady Hertford (as to whom Mr. Wingfield speaks words of charity and perhaps of sense), and many other people. The progress of the campaign which Abigel in conjunction with Leoline Jervoise carries on against her patron (who, indeed, has not deserved particularly well of her) is described with sufficient liveliness, though it may, perhaps, be a question whether the author has not allowed positive scoundrelism to get the better of the mere rowdy debauchery which is the principal characteristic of Lord Osmington in the first volume to a rather improbable extent. Finical people will also say that Mr. Wingfield might have kept some details and a good many words out of his book without much injuring its liveliness, and with a good deal of advantage to its decorum. However, it is not easy to write about the "very merry, laughing, drinking, quaffing, and unthinking time" of our grandfathers in language entirely suitable to the ears or eyes of the young person. Mr. Wingfield has produced a book which, if not universally readable (for its strong dose of historical politics will disgust some readers, and the peculiar state of morals or immorals depicted in it may shock others), will certainly prove readable and amusing to a good many people. In passing, too, it will remind some at least of the curious difference in the tone of thought and manners which the last seventy years have seen. A man of 1813 would have found men of 1743 old-fashioned but sufficiently congenial persons. What would both say of us, their descendants of 1883? It is to be feared that, whatever it was, it would be at least as harsh as anything that we say of either; and who shall arbitrate between us? At least our grandfathers and our grandfathers' grandfathers were men—very rude, boisterous men sometimes, but still men. This compliment must be granted them. But would they return it? These speculations are, however, treason to the progress of the species; and Mr. Wingfield ought to be ashamed of himself for having betrayed us into them by his interesting, if by no means faultless, novel.

SAVAGE SVANETIA.*

TO write a preface marked by distinct originality is perhaps as difficult a feat as any ambitious writer can attempt. It was, however, if we remember rightly, achieved not long ago by two American humourists, who stated that their object in publishing was to put money in their pockets; and now it has been achieved in perhaps still more remarkable fashion by Mr. Philipps-Wolley. Common enough has it been to find an author complaining bitterly in his "fore-speech," as the purists have it, of the unfairness of his critics, and retaliating on them by pointing out their blunders. In some cases a different line has been adopted, and writers of books have acknowledged the justice of the admonitions they have received, and have expressed the hope that they have profited by them—with doubtful sincerity probably in most cases, for it is difficult to believe that any one really kisses the rod with fervour; but, if rebellion and submission more or less affected have been common enough, implicit obedience has been, to say the least, extremely rare, and a preface in which the author states that he has done precisely what his critic told him to do is certainly an unusual one, and departs widely from established forms. Whether this marked originality is to be commended or not we can hardly say, being perhaps somewhat prejudiced in the matter, as it was our suggestion which Mr. Philipps-Wolley so

frankly accepted. He says:—"In offering 'Savage Svānetia' to my readers I am acting upon the advice of one of the reviewers of my former book, 'Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus,' who "in the *Saturday Review* first called my attention to Svānetia and the forest region of Lékéra." We are therefore responsible, to a certain extent, for Mr. Philipps-Wolley's journey, and it may in future increase the care of reviewers with their work—provided such a thing be possible—if they reflect that their dicta may have the effect of causing adventurous men to undertake difficult journeys involving some danger and no inconsiderable hardship.

That it was well worth while to undergo some hardship and to encounter some danger for the sake of making the journey described in this book will probably be the verdict of most readers. It is true that the country he explored was not altogether a virgin land to English travellers. In 1868 Mr. Douglas Freshfield, in company with Mr. A. W. Moore and Mr. Tucker, went to Gebi, and afterwards traversed the whole length of the great valley of free Svānetia [we accept our present author's spelling of a name which is spelt in several ways] which he carefully described in his well-known work, *The Central Caucasus and Bashan*. In 1874 Captain Telfer, R.N., visited Betcho, and in the same year Mr. F. C. Grove, Mr. A. W. Moore, and two other members of the Alpine Club ascended the valley of the Rion to Gebi, and from there made their way to the source or one of the sources of that famous river. They did not, however, pass into Svānetia, but crossed the main chain into the valley of the Tcherek. Putting aside the excursions which Mr. Philipps-Wolley made for sporting purposes, it may be said that the main line of his route was up the valley of the Rion to Gebi, thence through the valleys at the foot of Lapuri into Svānetia, and along the great Svānetian valley, and from it to Sugdidi by the valley of the Upper Ingur. Only, then, in the last-named part of his route was Mr. Philipps-Wolley on ground new to the English traveller; but, nevertheless, his record of an adventurous travel is of very high interest, and it is not in the smallest degree likely that any one who reads it will think that he was doing superfluous work, or that in speaking of Svānetia he is telling a tale which has been told before. Although the country has been twice visited by English travellers who certainly were not deficient in powers of observation, and who have published excellent descriptions of it, there is no exaggeration in saying that to the majority of readers it is but very little known, and probably there are many people by no means deficient in geographical knowledge who would be sorely puzzled if asked offhand to say where Svānetia is, and whether it is a town or a plain or valley. Although, however, it may be said, figuratively speaking, to have been for long covered by a cloud as thick as that which, according to Sir John Mandeville, descended on part of Abkhasia, and to have remained uncared for, it well merits some fame, as it is a district of rare interest, possessing, say those who have entered it, scenery of the rarest beauty and grandeur, while it is inhabited by an ancient and most singular race, who, if not amiable or agreeable from a moral point of view, have the distinction of being as yet almost untouched by modern civilization, and of offering an example of a very old type, still retaining all its primitive vigour. From the accounts which have been given of the Svān, he would appear to be something between a Red Indian and a traditional Corsican. Descriptions of such a country and such a race must needs be worth reading, and Mr. Philipps-Wolley's supplements very well those of Captain Telfer and Mr. Freshfield. Though not so learned as the first-named, he writes with more graphic force, and though he certainly does not describe Svānetia better than Mr. Freshfield did, does not indeed in some respects describe it so well, he has the advantage of having looked at it from a different point of view, and his account of it is not therefore anticipated by that of the older traveller. Mr. Freshfield, though keenly observant of everything, looked at the country mainly as a mountaineer, Mr. Philipps-Wolley mainly as a sportsman; and if the later narrative may be justly complained of as containing too much about sport, it must be admitted that the author's love for following big game led him to explore some of the country he visited in a very thorough manner.

Indeed not a few valleys and ridges did he explore in the pursuit of bears, chamois, and tār [*Capra Caucasica*] before he got to Svānetia itself, and of his sporting adventures on the way he tells at length, sometimes at too great length, though of course he was right in describing what befel him on his journey to the desired land. Albeit Svānetia may be most justly described as secluded, there are several ways into it, which can be traversed during the summer months. From the north it can be reached by the Nakra Pass, leading from the head-waters of the Baksan to the valley of the Ingur, and possibly by two others of some difficulty leading over the main chain. It is also said that there are passes from the Kuban valley on the north-west, and from Abkhasia on the west, but respecting the latter we feel considerable doubt. From the south Svānetia can be reached, either by ascending the valley of the Lower Ingur, that of the Zenes-Squali, or that of the Upper Rion and traversing the passes which lead into the eastern end of the Svānetian valley. It was this last route which Mr. Philipps-Wolley adopted. He went to Oni, and from there proceeded to the quaint village of Gebi, which is situated near the sources of the river of the Argonauts. Of this place Mr. Philipps-Wolley gives a full description, which is not uninteresting; but we may here observe that both in this and in other parts of his work he seems singularly ignorant of the work of his predecessors in the country. In one casual reference to Mr. Freshfield's journey, he speaks of it

* *Savage Svānetia*. By Clive Philipps-Wolley, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1883.

as having been made in 1869. Mr. Freshfield visited Gebi in 1868, and spoke of it in his book, and it was visited in 1874 by Mr. F. C. Grove, who described it and the route up the Rion valley in *The Frosty Caucasus*. From this village, a busy and lively one for the country, Mr. Philipps-Wolley made a shooting excursion, and, to aid him in his work, he secured the services of one Simon, the greatest hunter of the neighbourhood. He did not find this man at Gebi, but in his native fastnesses, and the description of his appearance is so dramatic that, were it not for the many passages in Mr. Philipps-Wolley's work which prove him to be a writer of exceptional truthfulness, his reader might be inclined to think that he is slightly adorning fact. He had reached, he says, a considerable elevation and arrived at a *cul-de-sac* of grey rocks backed and ended by a great glacier descending from a range of snow peaks, when his guide sat down and "whistled loud and long." Before the whistle was well ended, they were joined by a tall and well-knit man, "clad in garments of many patches, whose face, rags, and rifle all proclaimed him shepherd and sportsman perhaps, but certainly sportsman." With the gillie who had thus appeared like a brigand or an outlaw in an novel, Mr. Philipps-Wolley strove hard to kill some big game, but he was utterly unsuccessful, and returned to Gebi empty-handed, and expecting, naturally enough, to be much sneered at by the hunters of the village. He was agreeably disappointed. The men of Gebi are grasping and cunning and not much given to speaking the truth, but they are neither savage nor bad-tempered, and they considerably consoled the disconsolate sportsman by telling him that his was a very common fate. The stories he had heard of huge bags made within a mile or two of Gebi were pleasant fictions composed to beguile leisure, and never meant to be taken seriously.

From Gebi Mr. Philipps-Wolley started for Svânétia, intending to get as much shooting as he could on the way. He took Simon with him, and it is obvious that they both did all that courage and perseverance could do in the pursuit of game, but they had very little success. As we have said above, and as we said when reviewing Mr. Philipps-Wolley's former book, he is an exceptionally truthful writer. It may be said generally of sporting writers that (on paper) they hardly ever miss. Mr. Philipps-Wolley records his misses with a stern accuracy which shows that he is determined neither to extenuate nor to embellish; and he certainly deserves high praise for a scrupulous adherence to facts which, it is to be feared, is sufficiently rare; but if he is to be praised for veracity he must certainly be condemned for prolixity. His descriptions of sporting adventures are too many and too long, and though his pages are sometimes graphic, they are not rarely a little wearisome. In speaking of the country he passed through after leaving Gebi he seems to be, in one respect, mistaken. He is under the impression that he was at the source of the Rion. It is doubtful if he was, as probably the true source of the river is the glacier on the south side of the Pass-m^a, which was reached by Mr. Grove and his companions in 1874. With regard to Mr. Philipps-Wolley's journey, it is only necessary to say that, so far as can be told from an examination of the five-verst map and from a comparison of his narrative with that of Mr. Freshfield, he appears to have entered the borderland of Svânétia by the passes which that traveller crossed in 1868.

The first hamlet which Mr. Philipps-Wolley reached in that country was Mookmer; but he passed it by, and went on to what he calls Ushkull, which we take to be the village called by Mr. Freshfield Jibiani, the fact being that Ushkull is the name of the commune to which Mookmer and Jibiani belong. Very miserable indeed would the life of the inhabitants seem to be according to the description he gives. The Svân disdains work. The consequence, of course, is that he has to live in miserable poverty. One hut which the Englishman entered appears to have been like a wild beast's den, and seemingly it was a fair specimen of the huts the Svâni dwell in. Nevertheless these men, who are content to live like the veriest savages, are in some respects far from being savages. They have severe traditions, which they never depart from; and their pride is as unbending as that of a feudal aristocracy. To insult a Svân is to run imminent risk of being sooner or later dispatched by bullet or poniard. Blood feuds of the sternest kind are as common as they can ever have been in Corsica or the Highlands. "Hardly a guide," says Mr. Philipps-Wolley, "engaged by us during our stay in Svânétia but had some village which was forbidden ground to him," owing to his being on shooting and stabbing terms with one of the families. From what he says it appears that Sir James Hannen would find a good deal to do in Svânétia, and that divorce cases terminating by the summary execution of the offender or offended are anything but uncommon. In other ways besides their readiness to take life in revenge for insult or wrong does the pride of the Svâni show itself. They are independent, in the good and bad sense of the word, acknowledging no class or other superiority, but holding that each man is as good as his fellow, and scarcely admitting the authority of any law. They yield but little obedience to the Prince who is supposed to govern them, and are in no great dread, seemingly, of the Russians, though of course nominally subject to the Czar. Unfortunately, pride with them, as with other races, does not lead to honesty. Mr. Philipps-Wolley, it is true, found the men he had to deal with trustworthy; for he says that nothing whatever was stolen from him while he was in the country; but it must be remembered that at this same Jibiani, Mr. Freshfield and his companions were impudently robbed, and would certainly have been robbed of every-

thing, and possibly murdered, had it not been for their revolvers. Captain Telfer, who heard much of the Svâni from Russians, says that they never lose an opportunity of stealing, and it must, we fear, be said that our present author has been all too hasty in concluding that they are honest. If not, however, too proud to steal, they are, as has been shown, very proud in other ways, and in one sense they are most emphatically free. Indeed, their political constitution may be described as freedom tempered by assassination. Every man is at liberty to do as he pleases, and to indulge in homicide if he thinks fit, subject to the chance of being killed by some citizen who in turn is exercising his right to do as he pleases. Strangely enough, the ideas of the primitive Svân seem to resemble those which obtain in some parts of that great Republic which other countries envy and admire.

Through the mighty and beautiful valley in which this strange race dwell Mr. Philipps-Wolley made his way, diverging from his route to seek game, but following in the main much the same line as Mr. Freshfield until he was near the confines of Svânétia. Then he turned to the south-west to descend the valley of the Lower Ingur, and get to Sugdidi, which may be said to stand on the confines of civilization. Along the banks of this great river he journeyed, still following game diligently, and meeting at last with well-merited success. At Sugdidi the interesting part of his journey ended, and with his arrival there his book might well end. Unfortunately, however, he has no idea of letting his reader off, and takes him to Poti and Soukhoum Kaleh before he terminates a narrative which is, on the whole, decidedly good, but would have been better if the author had pruned vigorously, and had paid some attention to the doings of the travellers who had preceded him in the land he visited.

RETRIBUTION.*

RETRIBUTION, a tale of our time, is by no means inappropriately named. A girl who makes a mercenary marriage lives to repent it, and has the cup of consolation dashed from her lips when it appeared that her fault was to be condoned or forgiven. And it is a tale of the time, inasmuch as it is of the kind which makes the lives of conscientious reviewers a burden to them. Not that it is worse than many of its rivals; in fact, it is decidedly better than some. But it is tedious and trivial; it makes much ado about very little; and it shows a considerable want of knowledge of the world, while making no slight pretensions to understanding it. Trollope has told us lately in his *Autobiography* how he created Archdeacon Grantley and the clergymen of Barchester Close by evolving them through imagination out of his inner consciousness. And he succeeded so admirably that we should never have suspected the process; but his was a rare and indeed phenomenal gift. The author of *Retribution* would seem to have gone to work in a similar way, with results reflecting a certain credit on her ingenuity. The misfortune is that the pictures are wanting in perspective; that there is generally something oddly at variance with probabilities in the details; and that characters apparently intended for portraits too often degenerate into caricatures. We assume that "Delta" is a woman on internal evidence, and because any man would surely know more of the tone and manners of his sex. We have praised her for ingenuity, and there is some degree of resemblance in the talk that she puts in the mouths of her men. But it would rather seem that she had read up such authorities as *Guy Livingstone* than drawn on any personal acquaintance with schools or Universities, with clubs or barrack-rooms. Her typical sporting man is too consistently and outrageously slangy to be tolerated in any respectable society; he might possibly pass muster in a melodrama, but no one could mistake him for a gentleman; while she credits her amorous and chivalrous young officers with a carelessness of thought and recklessness of speech out of keeping with the natures attributed to them. In her fear of making them seem goody-goody, and consequently feminine, she sends them swaggering into the opposite extreme. It is quite possible that we may be mistaken as to "Delta's" sex; but we have given an idea of one half the circumstantial evidence on which we base our conviction. And, on the other hand, with her women she is more evidently at home, entering into their feelings with a sympathy which makes them much more lifelike than the males. Her use, or rather her abuse, of the French language argues little one way or the other. We hear of a little *bourgeoisie* kneeling at her devotions in church, and are told of carrying out a thing *coute "qui" coute*. But we can scarcely be surprised at such trivial inaccuracies in a foreign tongue, seeing that the English is, occasionally at least, as quaintly peculiar. We hear of a girl making a remark "in a disinterested manner," and of a lady receiving a "missile." And by missile "Delta" does not mean the shying of a stone or a turnip at the lady's head, but simply the receipt of a note, which might be magnificently rendered into missive. As for the elegancies of polite conversation, these may be matters of taste and opinion; but to show how far "Delta" succeeds in identifying herself with a man of the world, we may quote a specimen of her dialogue, the speaker being the sporting baronet we have referred to, who has the *entrée* to some of the best houses in town:—

She's the choicest bit of cattle I've seen for many a long day, and drives the tidiest pair of ponies in the Row. She's very thick too with the charming

* *Retribution: a Tale of Modern Life*. By "Delta." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1883.

Mrs. Gresley. . . . What! you've never heard of Mrs. Gresley, the little widow! Jove, I thought every fellow in town was well up in her paces. Who is she, indeed? Why an awfully fit little woman. She's a ripping figure, and as good a stepper as you'll set eyes on. If ever a mare showed spirit in her, too, by Jingo, she's the girl that does. . . . Oh, all the fellows are after her. Why, Egerton Carlingford—but there, methinks, it's mostly on her side. One of your lady killers, and thinks himself a buck of bucks.

That strikes us as the style of sporting talk that might be reported by a sarcastic and intelligent Hindoo, who had been a member of Tattersall's and the Turf Club for a season or two. As for "Delta's" acquaintance with law and conveyancing, we shall only say that a will from which she professes to give extracts is obscure beyond the proverbial obscurity of these documents, and ought, in the language of the penny-liners, to have provided abundant occupation for the gentlemen of the long robe. Yet, strangely enough, the will was never contested, though the disposition of the property was both eccentric and disappointing. But, if we blame "Delta" for being extravagantly vulgar in her talk, or at least in the talk which she attributes to her characters, we are bound to say she makes up for that in the way of moralizing. From time to time she stops the movement of the story—though we care the less that the machinery seems always on the point of running down—to utter sentiments, the unimpeachable morality of which has been recognized from time immemorial. We take one of these entirely at haphazard; it is as true and original as most of the rest:—"Oh! if Meta Graham could have seen her sister now, brought into contact with two such worldlings as these, a class of persons too commonly found in every grade of society. Their standard of morality is just that which might be expected from men and women whose whole lives are concentrated upon this world, and whose only idea of happiness consists in gratifying self now, to the exclusion of all thought for a hereafter." Though we may doubt, by the way, whether a gay widow and a spendthrift baronet whose idea of happiness is reckless self-indulgence, and neither of whom has ever known what self-denial is, can be correctly described as belonging to a class of persons to be found "in every grade of society."

But, having touched on "Delta's" qualifications for novel-writing, and on her style, it is time to give some idea of her story. That, in its leading details, may be very briefly told. Sibyl Graham is introduced to us taking leave in a sentimental interview of a lover who is on the point of joining his regiment in India. When we find the gay young soldier addressing her as "sweetheart," we feel that he must be very far gone indeed. That he has mistaken a false stone for a diamond of infinite purity and lustre is clear enough; and we know that good looks in a girl may cover any deficiency in moral qualities and explain any amount of blindness in her adorer. The odd thing is that throughout the book, and though he is represented as almost cynically sensible, Harrington persists in his misplaced attachment. As for us, who see more clearly, we exclaim, as "Delta" suggests we may probably exclaim, "What a horrid girl!" And it seems to us that our perspicacity is confirmed by all her subsequent conduct. "Delta," however, assures us that, if we only wait, we shall see cause to modify our hasty judgment. "In spite of grievous faults, Sibyl was a charming girl." There we must join issue. She may have had "a sweet temper," but she was utterly heartless, and "Delta" admits that she was abominably selfish. If "Delta" hoped ultimately to engage our sympathies for her heroine, it appears to be a fatal mistake in art to force us to dislike her from the first, as we do very cordially. Though it is a strong thing to say, perhaps she never shows to greater disadvantage than in that opening interview. Frank Harrington may be foolish, but he is deeply in love. Notwithstanding his calling her "sweetheart," he appeals to Sibyl's warmer feelings with no little eloquence and pathos. He reminds her that he is not only going to be banished to the other side of the world, but that he is starting on a long and weary voyage in very depressing circumstances. He pleads for some word of consolation and assurance to carry with him. Sibyl is rather troubled than touched; she blows hot and cold, and goes on trifling with his feelings. For all the time her mind is fully made up to marry for money when she has got rid of her importunate admirer. She knows well that the shock will be terrible; but she has not the courage to tell him the worst at once; to put him out of his misery at the risk of facing his personal reproaches. When she promptly marries an elderly brewer, whom she dislikes and of whom she is thoroughly ashamed, it is not for want of friendly remonstrances. Her affectionate elder sister does not hesitate to tell her plainly of her heartlessness and cruelty. Sibyl, whose conscience chimes in, has the grace not to be very angry, but she goes her own way all the same. She marries misery with her eyes open, and if she cannot comfort herself with the thought of the wealth and luxuries for which she has sold herself, it is not for want of trying. In London she seeks distraction in the society of the least eligible acquaintances, and if she does not actually burn herself, she plays most culpably with fire. She holds aloof from the affectionate elder sister who had been almost a mother, regarding her with much reason in the light of a reproving conscience. Finally fate appears to be kinder than she could have hoped; her husband meets with an accident and dies, leaving her a young and wealthy widow. In her widowhood she shows some glimmerings of good sense, for she believes that the lover she had treated so heartlessly can have no possible desire to renew their old relations. In that belief, as it happens, she was mistaken. Frank Harrington,

man of the world as he is, and cynic as he professes to have become, is as foolish about his old flame as ever. He actually thinks that a lifelong companionship with her will bring him the happiness for which he has been craving; and he makes his proposals again in due course. It would have been a strong thing to permit the pair to be wedded and live happily; and, moreover, it would have outraged that sense of moral justice which is embodied in the word "Retribution." Sibyl is disappointed, as we said, just when her sins seem to have been forgiven her; and thus is brought to a melancholy end a novel that is consistently slow and unnatural.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.*

THE value of Mr. England's edition of the *Iphigenia in Tauris* is seriously impaired by his attempt to produce a work both valuable to scholars and useful as a class-book for boys. The natural result is that neither object has been fully achieved. There was room for a good critical edition of the play, for until quite recently no trustworthy collation of the Laurentian MS. had been made. The only one on record before 1875 was made by Furia, who was written down a dunce by Paul-Louis Courier in his famous "Lettre à M. Renouard." The critical portion of his work is that in which Mr. England has been most successful. Had he confined himself to this, or added a commentary for the use of scholars, we should have had every reason to be thankful to him. But, in an edition for school purposes, excess of critical matter is worse than useless. It is a positive hindrance. The best attainable text should be given, with a short helpful commentary, and attention should be drawn only to a few really important points of textual criticism. There are so many Greek tragedies whose text is in a fairly settled and satisfactory state that there is the less excuse for setting before boys a play on which criticism has not for the present said something like its last word. The evil is apparent in the commentary, which, though for the most part good in itself, contains, for school purposes, far too many long notes discussing the interpretation of various readings and of various interpretations of the same reading. The commentary might with advantage have been shortened by the substitution of an analysis of the play for the lengthy digressions on the progress of the action. The metres of the choruses, too, would be better relegated to an appendix. Of course we are speaking of the work as a school-book, for which it is mainly intended. Scholars are less dependent on simplicity of arrangement, but when boys constantly meet with long notes of which they do not at once understand the bearing, they are apt to regard the whole commentary with suspicion and to cease using it altogether. The manner in which the book is printed is not satisfactory. The type of the text and that of the critical footnotes are too nearly of the same size, while on many pages there is no greater space between text and notes than between any two lines of either. The result is an appearance of confusion which is most unpleasant to the eye.

Messrs. Welch and Duffield have prepared an abridged edition of *Eutropius* which will be found most useful for boys in a very elementary stage of advancement. The text has been abridged, difficult passages have been omitted, and unusual constructions have been altered. The text is followed by a series of exercises consisting of English sentences which introduce words and constructions used by *Eutropius*. These are conveniently numbered according to the chapter which they illustrate, and a teacher may thus easily test the thoroughness of his pupils' knowledge and at the same time prepare them for writing Latin prose. The vocabulary is arranged on a similar plan, the new words which occur in each chapter being grouped together, so that they may be looked out once for all and learned. The index will enable boys to look up a forgotten word, but the difficulties added to this proceeding will help to enforce thoroughness in learning. The editors have evidently grasped the true method of teaching a

* *The Iphigenia among the Tauri of Euripides*. Edited, with Introduction and Critical and Explanatory Notes, by E. B. England, M.A., Assistant-Lecturer in Owens College, Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co.

Eutropius. Adapted to the Use of Beginners, with Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary, by W. Welch, M.A., and C. G. Duffield, M.A., Assistant-Master at Cranleigh School. London: Macmillan & Co.

Liwy. Book I. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, for the Use of Schools, by the Rev. H. M. Stephenson, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, Head-Master of St. Peter's School, York. London: Macmillan & Co.

Selections from Vergil. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, for the Use of Schools, by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A., Assistant-Master at Eton. London: Macmillan & Co.

Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum Liber IV. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, for the Use of Schools, by T. E. Page, M.A., Assistant-Master at Charterhouse. London: Macmillan & Co.

Græcula. A First Book of Greek Translation. By H. R. Heatley, M.A., Assistant-Master at Hillbrow School, Rugby. London: Rivingtons.

A Syntax of Attic Greek. By F. S. Thompson, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. London: Rivingtons.

An Introduction to Greek Verse Composition. With Exercises. By Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and F. D. Morice, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School. London: Rivingtons.

Conjectural Emendations of Passages in Ancient Authors. With other Papers. By Charles Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. London: Rivingtons.

language, and their little book is one of the most useful elementary Latin class-books that we have seen for some time.

Mr. Stephenson's edition of the First Book of Livy is apparently intended for the middle forms of public schools. The notes are good, and do not err on the side of giving too much help—a common failing in school editions. Mr. Stephenson here confines himself strictly to elucidation of the text, and does not discourse at large on points of Latin grammar as the manner of some is. There is some inconsistency in the vocabulary appended to the work. Boys who can read Livy with the slight assistance given by Mr. Stephenson's notes are certainly fit to use a Latin dictionary, and boys who need a vocabulary will derive very little help from the scraps of philological information given, without any explanations, by Mr. Stephenson. Here is an example:—"Grando, inis, f., *hail* [gar, bor, vor, *swallow*, *βόρᾱ*, vorare]." The only idea which the ordinary boy of fourteen or fifteen is likely to derive from such information as this is that "grando" means "swallow." The introduction, too, which deals with the euhemeristic and ætiological influences in the formation of legend, and contains passing allusions to primitive customs, will certainly be unintelligible to those for whose use it is intended. However, it is always comforting to get notes like Mr. Stephenson's—short and to the point, such as boys will read. They too often find it more difficult, or at any rate more tiresome, to make out the notes than to make out the text.

The notes to Mr. Page's edition of the Fourth Book of Horace's Odes do not differ very widely from those to be found in his complete edition of the Odes published early in the present year. We have already noticed previous parts of the work, and need now only say that the edition is good and careful, though not very brilliant or original. Mr. Page is not, in our opinion, likely to supplant Mr. Wickham as an editor of Horace for school purposes; but no doubt many teachers will find it convenient to be able to have any book of the Odes separately. We cannot help noticing the baldness and clumsiness of many of Mr. Page's translations. For instance, Ode I., ll. 7, 8 are rendered, "So Pindar boils and rushes measureless with deep utterance." Again, in Ode IV. ll. 18-21 are thus translated, "To whom whence the custom is derived which through all time arms their right hand with an Amazonian axe, I have deferred inquiring." This rendering reverses the order of things, for it is quite unintelligible without the help of the original.

We hold rather strongly the opinion that when boys know enough Latin to read Virgil, it is better to set them to work upon a whole book than upon selections. Those, however, who think otherwise will find Mr. Shuckburgh's little volume useful. The longest passage here given is the episode of Nisus and Euryalus. There is also the account of the boat-race from the Fifth Æneid, together with shorter selections from the Eclogues and Georgics, as well as from the Æneid, amounting in all to thirty-seven passages. Of course no two people would exactly agree about what should be taken or what left in such a selection; but we think that, as the object was to interest boys, some of the passages from the Eclogues and Georgics might have been omitted to make room for more of the games in Æneid V. and for some warlike passages from the last six books of the Æneid. It is surely a mistake not to introduce boys either to Turnus or to Camilla. The notes are sufficient, and give more help than Mr. Stephenson accords to readers of Livy. Mr. Shuckburgh is not very happy as a translator.

Mr. Heatley, one of the authors of the First Latin Reader called *Gradatim*, has published a somewhat similar introduction to Greek translation. The work is well arranged, and the passages gradually increase in difficulty. The words introduced are for the most part such as constantly occur in Greek authors, so that a boy after working through the book should have at his command a useful vocabulary. The only objection to the book is that one or two of the stories are singularly foolish.

Mr. Thompson's *Greek Syntax* is a work of great importance to schoolmasters, and one which cannot be adequately discussed in the space at our command. For the purpose of teachers it has some advantages over most of the works of this nature already in use. Mr. Thompson proceeds on the logical, not the historical method, for the sufficient reason that boys are already familiar with this method in their Latin Grammars, and will therefore fall in with it more easily. The more elementary points of syntax are printed in large type, so that these parts of the work can be used by beginners without going into bewildering details. The materials of which the book is composed were accumulated gradually in the course of teaching, and thus the work shows a knowledge of the difficulties felt by boys which strikes the reader more forcibly perhaps than any other feature in it. Explanation is never wasted, but when it is really necessary it is given fully and with great clearness. The chapters, for example, on conditional and temporal sentences are models of good arrangement, and the constant comparison of the Greek constructions with corresponding modes of expression in Latin must always be of use in making things clear to boys who are already tolerably familiar with the latter language. The prepositions are treated at a length which some may think unnecessary for school purposes, and perhaps we may admit that Mr. Thompson in aiming at completeness sometimes loses sight of the limits within which a class-book should be confined. In treating of the aorist, Mr. Thompson boldly breaks away from ancient tradition. He quotes and acts upon Mr. M. Arnold's saying, that "the aorist was made for man, not man for the aorist." "The Greek aorist," he tells us truly enough, "may

be translated into almost every English tense except the imperfect." At the same time we hold it rather dangerous to tell boys that the aorist in Greek may be translated by the English perfect. The passages in which it must be so translated are very far from frequent. It is consistent with his views on this point for Mr. Thompson to object to the aorist being called the "momentary tense." He regards "the mere mention of the act (or state) itself, without regard to its duration," as the description of the aorist which is universally applicable.

In the matter of terminology and nomenclature Mr. Thompson shows moderation and good sense. He introduces with some apology the terms *sub-direct* and *sub-oblique* in the *oratio obliqua* to describe those sentences which are subordinate to *oratio recta* and *oratio obliqua* respectively; but he avoids technicalities as far as possible, and wisely uses familiar terms, even when he recognizes their inadequacy, in preference to coining new ones. He confines himself entirely to Attic Greek, and his choice of the logical rather than the historical method prevents this limitation from giving to the work any appearance of incompleteness. It is, indeed, somewhat too long for its purpose already, and though it would be difficult to point out anything that could be omitted without loss, yet the length of the book may cause it to be less generally used than it deserves. It is the best work on the subject that has appeared for a long time.

Messrs. Sidgwick and Morice have produced a work which is decidedly the best introduction to the writing of Greek iambs that we have seen. It contains a chapter on the iambic metre, and one on quantity. These are followed by "Hints on Poetic Forms and Usages," and by graduated exercises, ranging from disordered Greek lines to be properly arranged, to passages of English verse with notes and suggestions for rendering which become fewer as the work advances. To these is appended an excellent vocabulary, which will be useful not merely to those who are translating passages from this book, but to all students of the art of Greek verse composition. The pages on the iambic metre are excellent, the laws of the cretic and of the usage of monosyllables being very clearly put. The "Hints on Poetic Forms and Usages" are intended to fulfil the same ends as a *gradus*, but will fulfil them very much better. A careful study of this chapter should go far to teach an intelligent boy to write good and idiomatic Greek verse. The only objection to it is that it savours of "cram." But the writing of Greek iambs is to some extent a trick, and a trick that can be learnt like any other.

Dr. Wordsworth's little volume contains, besides the letter from which it takes its title, an essay on Pompeian inscriptions, which is reprinted from the author's *Miscellanies*, and two short papers on the site of Dodona and the study of archæology. The letter to Mr. John Wordsworth on Conjectural Emendations is interesting both for the sake of the emendations themselves and for the insight which it gives into the method of working adopted by an eminent critic. Dr. Wordsworth holds that for the exercise of the "critical art of divination" two things are necessary, a study of palæography and an accurate knowledge of modern Greek pronunciation. He illustrates the usefulness of this knowledge by Bentley's correction of *ερείος* for *αιρείος* in a Greek fragment, which was suggested by the fact that in modern Greek the two words could be pronounced alike. From the character of many of the errors in ancient MSS. Dr. Wordsworth gathers that those who wrote them frequently wrote from dictation. A few of Dr. Wordsworth's emendations may be mentioned. In a fragment of Menander, where the story of Sappho's death is referred to, nonsense becomes sense by the mere alteration of *ἀλλὰ* to *ἀμα*, involving a change of only one letter. When the two words are written in uncial characters the conjecture seems as simple and obvious as Columbus's method of making an egg stand on end—now that Dr. Wordsworth has shown it to us. Pp. 11 and 12 contain two very happy emendations of passages in Theocritus. One of the most interesting, as showing how a great scholar may be blinded by a pet theory, occurs in a line of Horace (*Ars poetica*, v. 65):—

Regis opus; sterilisque diu palus, aptaque remis.

The difficulty in this line is the quantity of the *u* in *palus*. The idea of transposing *palus* and *diu*, which is adopted by Dr. Wordsworth, occurred to Bentley, but was rejected by him because he believed that non-elision and abbreviation could not take place in the last syllable of a foot. Dr. Wordsworth adduces conclusive proof of the falsity of this assumption. We should like to give more instances of Dr. Wordsworth's ingenuity; but what makes the letter valuable is not so much the brilliancy of the conjectures as the discussion of the grounds on which they are based. We can heartily recommend the work to scholars young and old.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.—HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

IS a book about London cries history? We may assume an affirmative answer in order to notice here Mr. Tuer's handsome volume, *London Cries, with Six Charming Children* (Field & Tuer). The letterpress is historical certainly, and the pictures are pictorial, the six children being printed direct from a set of stippled plates in the well-known Bartolozzi style, which were engraved as far back as 1812. A duplicate set, in red and brown, is in the book; and very lovely they all are, especially, as we think, those in red. Besides these, we have ten curious engrav-

ings by Rowlandson, tinted; and thirty other illustrations, some in the vigorous style of Mr. Crawhall, some by George Cruikshank, and the rest chiefly old woodcuts. But Mr. Tuer has brought together everything by which he could illustrate his subject; and, though most of us will be inclined to linger over the "six charming children," the Rowlandsons are, on the whole, the most interesting. They were drawn while George III. was king, yet, our streets are much as they were then in too many things, though not in picturesqueness. Thus the first picture represents the driver of a "hackney coach"—cabs were not invented—remonstrating as to his fare with a gentleman in a green overcoat. "Wot d'yer call that?" is written below. Costume has changed, coaches are extinct, signs are not hung out; but drivers still hold out their hands and say, as they said in 1819, "Wot d'yer call that?" In another picture another London woe is set forth. A watchman calls, lantern in hand, "Past one o'clock, an' a fine morning!" In the background a burglar is being helped to the top of a wall by his "pal"—just as the art of burgling is carried on still under the very noses of the police. "In connexion with 'Arry, the chief producer of street noises," says Mr. Tuer, "it may be questioned whether London is now much better off than it was before the passing of the Elizabethan Statutes of the Streets, by which citizens were forbidden, under pain of imprisonment, to blow a horn in the night." With the prospect of Waits and "horns in the night" before us this sentence seems sad in a Christmas book. "Great News" is the title of another of Rowlandson's pictures, and we see two ill-looking fellows in rags howling along the streets and disturbing the inhabitants, just as similar fellows howl along quiet suburban roads nowadays, crying French victories in Tonquin, or frightful murders in Limerick. "Pots and kettles to mend" and the "Knife-grinder" form the subject of other pictures, but we have these nuisances still in addition to others then unthought of, such as organ-grinders, brass bands, and steam rollers. Mr. Tuer gives a full and particular account of each of his illustrations, besides writing a long list of "Cries," and a series of interesting notes on them, over which it would be but too easy to dwell. We venture to anticipate that in one particular Mr. Tuer is wrong. He implies in his opening sentences that the plates will speedily be taken out to hang on the wall; and at the end of the book he appends this note:—"For the convenience of those who may wish to transfer some of the smaller illustrations to scrap-books, the text has been printed on one side of the paper only." We do not believe that many people will wish to break up a volume so tastefully printed and bound. It would be much better for those who collect prints of "Cries" to put their examples on the blank side of the leaves.

The extraordinary success of Mr. Thayer's biography of President Garfield has encouraged him to write a similar—very similar—life of *George Washington* (Hodder). As to its merits we may say that those who liked *From Log Cabin to White House* may like it. As historical authority it may be judged by the opening chapter, in which Mr. Thayer repeats the genealogy compiled by Sir Isaac Heard, in apparent ignorance of the fact that it was wholly demolished nearly twenty years ago by Colonel Chester. "John Washington, the great-grandfather of George," did not emigrate to America in 1657, for the simple reason that then and long afterwards he was a knight in Bedfordshire. Out-of-the-way facts like these are not, of course, universally known or remembered; but when Mr. Thayer sits down to write a biography, the least we can expect is that he will consult the proper authorities. *The Devoted Life of Rachel, Lady Russell* (Sonnenschein) is a reprint of Guizot's sketch, and will be welcomed, as will a volume of *Biographical Stories*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, issued by the same publishers. Although Mr. Bourne's book on *The Great Composers* (Sonnenschein) omits Spohr, Meyerbeer, Liszt, Wagner, and others, and should have been entitled "Some Great Composers," we have no fault to find with the interesting sketches of the lives of others. The style is pleasant, and each great musician is, in turn, a hero to his biographer. Sir Walter Raleigh turns up again in *Notable Exploits*, by E. N. Marks (Dean), together with Robert Blake and John Frederick of Saxony. The book does not appear to be new, as the last sentence runs as follows:—"His Royal Highness Prince Albert is a descendant of this illustrious elector." It is not possible for even an omniscient reviewer to remember whether such a book as *Notable Exploits* was published and reviewed twenty years ago or not. We suspect more than one of the above-mentioned biographies as well as this of being reprints. It would surely be better both for publishers and authors, and of course for readers, that such particulars should not be concealed. As a rule, the public dislikes a want of confidence. Of acknowledged reprints two deserve full commendation. *Robin Hood* (Routledge) is a new edition of Ritson, illustrated by Gordon Browne in a very fair style. *King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table* is a rearrangement by Mr. Frith of the old materials somewhat chastened so as to suit the youthful reader. The critical preface is very good, and the Bowdlerized text is carefully edited. There are numerous illustrations with which we have no fault to find. It is also published by Messrs. Routledge. *Celebrated Women Travellers* (Sonnenschein) is by Mr. Davenport Adams, and ranges from Countess Dora d'Istria to Lady Barker. The sketches are more like reviews of the respective ladies' books than biographical sketches. The same author has also compiled a volume of *Battle Stories from British and European History* (Sonnenschein) which will interest most boys, and may even prove useful as a book of reference. *Battles with the Sea*, by Mr. R. M. Ballantyne (Nisbet),

is of a very different type. It relates to "heroes of the lifeboat and rocket, being descriptive of our coast life-saving apparatus, with some account of the glorious war and of our grand victories." The whole book is written in the turgid style of this extract from the title-page. Otherwise it would be interesting as a record; but we confess to having experienced great difficulty in wading through page after page of superlatives.

Marvels of the Polar World (Routledge) is a translation from the French of E. Lesbazeilles, by Mr. Robert Routledge, and contains thirty-eight cuts of very various merit. There are interesting chapters on icebergs, the Polar flora, fossil forests, and such like topics, all written in the lucid and attractive way peculiar to French authors handling scientific subjects, and the translation is excellent. We have received two books on the same lines, *Shore and Sea*, by Davenport Adams (Hodder), and *The Ocean Wave*, by Henry Stewart (Hogg). The latter comes down to our own times, while Mr. Adams stops with the last of the Buccaneers. They are both very suitable books for boys, and they are full of true accounts of adventurous life, and go to encourage a taste for history as opposed to fiction. If boys do not know all about Sir Walter Raleigh, by the way, it is not the fault of the publishers; for in addition to the books mentioned above, he also figures largely in the pages of Mr. Stewart and Mr. Adams. Another volume of *True Tales* is prepared by Sir Samuel Baker "for my grandsons," as he informs us. It contains a touching story of a Californian dog; the cruise of the whaler *Sophia*; the life of a young cadet in India; with incidental wars and tiger-shootings; a very good picture of native life on the Nile; a chapter on elephants; and much else that will interest almost any one who opens the book. The style is somewhat affected, and every page bristles with meaningless dots; yet we can cordially recommend this as a very harmless yet very entertaining volume. A word must also be said for Mr. Hennessy's illustrations, which are among the very few woodcuts we are able to praise, or even approve, this year. As Mr. Hennessy is an American, we may presume that his drawings were not committed to the untender tools of an English engraver. The publisher is Mr. Macmillan.

Of purely historical work we have a few examples. *The City in the Sea* professes to be "stories of the Old Venetians," and is in fact a complete history of Venice, by the author of *Belt and Spur* (Seeley). It is admirably arranged and well written. The coloured pictures are rather too ambitious, and fail very much here and there, but some of them are extremely good, especially where too much has not been attempted. One of the least successful is from the large and curious piece in the National Gallery, ascribed to Paolo Uccello, and representing the Battle of St. Egidio, in which Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, was taken prisoner by Braccio di Montone in 1416. Another history is *The Pharaohs and their People*, by E. Berkley (same publisher), which also contains coloured illustrations, some of them very good. The letter-press is a sort of abridgment of Brugsch and Sir E. Wilson; but the author has fallen into several errors through relying on Mr. Villiers Stuart. We have, of course, "Menephtah" for Merenptah, but as Mr. Sayce writes "Menephtah," a still more corrupt form, Mr. Berkley may be excused. In the preface reference is made to a cut over the Table of Contents, and we are told that "the hawk is symbolic of divine protection." In the cut, however, a vulture is represented. We could note several other minor errors; but, on the whole, this is a fair compilation, and the main facts have been seized and clearly arranged.

Besides these books on what children call unnatural history, we have, to represent natural history, among others an excellent little volume of *Vignettes from Invisible Life*, by John Badcock, reprinted with additions from the *St. James's Gazette* (Cassell). The clearness of Mr. Badcock's style renders his elucidations of the most occult problems of microscopic science pleasant and easy reading; but it is not every reader who will be able really to follow him in his investigations into the lower forms on the borderland between animal and vegetable life. The book is nicely got up, printed so that it may be read by artificial light, and carefully illustrated. *Totty's Natural History* (Routledge) must be bracketed with Mr. Badcock's learned little treatise, although it is written wholly in words of four syllables and is intended for very small children. The illustrations by Mr. Harrison Weir will be especially welcome.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE sub-title of "Life and Times" which Mr. Bush has given to his biographical and critical essay on St. Augustine (1) is somewhat ambitious. In what is obviously meant to be a popular, and is a short handbook, there is scarcely room enough to treat of the very important epoch of history which extends from the middle of the fourth century to the thirty-first year of the fifth. Indeed, Mr. Bush scarcely touches the general history of the times. He seems, as he is well entitled to do, to take it for granted that every reader who is sufficiently interested in St. Augustine to read a Life of him is already familiar with Gibbon, and has the necessary knowledge of the condition of the Roman Empire; of the characters and position of Theodosius, Ambrose, and the Counts of Africa; of the

(1) *St. Augustine; his Life and Times*. By the Rev. R. Wheler Bush, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: The Religious Tract Society.

schisms in the Church and the invasions of the barbarians. His own account of "the light and pillar of the Catholic Church" is really a sort of *précis* of the *Confessions*. It is perhaps inevitable that it should be little else. Making due allowance for a desire to be popular, which leads to an excessive use of the historic present and a good deal of what it is only polite to call the picturesque, Mr. Bush appears to us to have done his work fairly well. His narrative is clear, and gives the facts of the Saint's life, each with its date, in an orderly way. It is probably inevitable that Mr. Bush, being a clergyman, should take St. Augustine's self-accusations far too seriously. He holds up his hands in horror over the sins of Augustine's youth, and is continually pointing out that really he must have been a very bad boy to behave as he did to his sainted mother. To a layman it appears obvious enough that the Saint can never have been a really dissolute man, and that he showed both tact and kindness in avoiding the needless pain of a parting with St. Monica when he left Africa for Italy. Nearly a half of Mr. Bush's little book is devoted to sketches of St. Augustine's works and extracts from them. If it were a little more sober in style, and were purged of its trite moral reflections, this book would be an excellent specimen of its class. It is free from merely controversial matter.

It is almost needless to say that, as they are reprinted from the *Dublin Review*, Mr. H. B. Mackey's Four Essays on St. Francis de Sales (2) are far from being free from controversial matter. The author says at the beginning of his first essay that his object is to show why St. Francis was declared a Doctor of the Church, but he is far more concerned to confute an article in *Macmillan* in which many uncivil things are said about the Saint. Mr. Mackey does this in the most acrid and aggressive tone of Catholic journalism. The merits of St. Francis are forcibly contrasted with the meanness, hypocrisy, and general immorality of Ritualists, Low Churchmen, Lutherans, and Calvinists. Of course Mr. Mackey has a great deal to say on the vexed question of persecution. His observations are worth looking at, and should show non-Catholic writers that the discussion is useless, since the two parties will obviously never agree as to what constitutes persecution. Mr. Mackey's sketch of Francis de Sales's life is somewhat confused as a narrative, and will appear very partial to non-Catholic readers. Three out of the four essays are critical. It is only fair to say that Mr. Mackey, though contemptuous of Protestants in the lump, is courteous to individuals, and that he speaks almost with enthusiasm of Leigh Hunt's portrait of the gentleman Saint.

English readers who do not already know Hazlitt's edition of Luther's Table Talk (3) may possibly be induced to buy the pretty little selection published by Fisher Unwin. On the whole they will be ill advised to buy it. The volume is small and nicely printed on good paper, but the selection is indifferent. It leaves out all the more human and genial side of Luther's talk. In this climate, too, it is a mistake to bind a book which is meant to be much handled in white.

Mr. Froude has done the many English readers, who are likely to find their interest in Luther revived by the German celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth considerable service by publishing a short life of the reformer (4). It is reprinted from the *Contemporary*, and is nominally a review of Herr Julius Köstlin's biography, but it is really a condensation of that work. As a lucid and flowing narrative, it shows the merits of Mr. Froude's style at their best.

The German celebration has also inspired Dr. Macaulay with the happy idea of making a selection of Luther's sayings and stories (5) about him, gathered from his books, letters, and table-talk.

Like many of the other "eminent women" whose lives are told in the little yellow-bound series published by Messrs. Allen & Co., *Margaret Fuller* (6) is more likely to be remembered as the friend of distinguished men than for any work of her own. Miss Howe, the author of this biography, is forced to confess that her heroine's fame is somewhat unintelligible to those who did not know her. "Margaret," she says, "so lived in the life of her own day and generation, so keenly felt its good and ill, that many remember her as a woman whose spoken word and presence had in them a power which is but faintly imaged in her writings. Nor is this impression wholly a mistaken one. Certain it is that those who recall the enchantment of her conversation always maintain that the same charm is not to be found in the productions of her pen." Miss Howe, indeed, goes on to say that there is enough in Margaret Fuller's writings to entitle "her to a position of honour among the prose writers of her time." The quotations which follow scarcely bear out this friendly estimate. Their style is gushing, and their matter essentially commonplace. The review of Carlyle's Cromwell is not above the level of the stock bad criticism of the day. Of Cromwell himself she takes the mere Whig view that he was a strong bad man, who trod in the paths of virtue as long as he was fighting the King, but who fell terribly away when he was tempted to take liberties with that sacred object the mace. But although Margaret Fuller had a weakness

for oracular commonplace, there can be no doubt that she was a fascinating woman. Miss Howe's biography, which is largely based on the reminiscences of Clarke, Emerson, and Channing, gives a pleasing picture of her, and incidentally some interesting sketches of literary life in New England during the first half of this century.

The poetry of poetesses, says Mr. Eric S. Robertson in his introduction, is a decidedly second-rate kind of literature, and the criticism contained in his volume (7) is marked by the sobriety to be expected from a writer who advances this ungallant though tenable proposition. Mr. Robertson is careful to take a complete view of his subject. He starts with the matchless Orinda, and ends with an apology to a pageful of ladies whom he has not space to discuss properly. In some cases the criticism is inadequate for other reasons than want of space. Aphra Behn, for instance, is touched as it were with a pair of tongs, and Lady Mary Montagu is at best only half drawn. In the majority of cases, however, Mr. Robertson is under no necessity to show this reticence, and his accounts of the poetesses are ample. The book is full of quotations, easy to handle, and will be an ornament to the drawing-room table in a family of young ladies with a literary turn.

"If," Dr. Symington says in the preface to his *Good Lives* (8), "as some predict, not without too sad reason, Sadduceism is to be the feature of the twentieth century, these lives, and many like them, furnish hope on the other side." Without inquiring whether the lives of his heroes signify anything, one way or another, concerning the twentieth century, it may be cheerfully conceded that they prove the existence of a great many good men in the nineteenth. Dr. Symington's heroes were all certainly worthy people, beginning with Elihu Burritt and ending with John Ashworth. As a matter of course they all belong to the religious world, but not all to the preaching part of it. Sir Titus Salt and Commodore Goodenough were men of the world. The ecclesiastical element is naturally strongly represented. Scotch divines have a section to themselves. Dr. Symington does not write in an offensively partisan spirit; but he obviously finds a difficulty in believing that "good lives" can be led except in Low Church, Dissenting, or Presbyterian circles. It is, therefore, easy to understand why he has omitted such men as Lamennais or the Père Lacordaire from "the spiritual forces at work in the shaping of this portentous century."

Whether a "faithful statement of the course" taken in life by every successful man would be profitable or interesting reading, as the author of *Some Professional Recollections* (9) is inclined to believe, is perhaps doubtful. It is commonly found that the successful man is utterly unable to explain the cause of his success or make its history other than very commonplace. The reminiscences of lawyers, however, are generally amusing; and this volume is no exception to the rule. The writer has wisely avoided trying to tell his own history. He has taken a more promising course, and has selected some of the more striking of the things which he has come across in his experience of the law, and put them into the form of stories or essays. The first chapter, called "A Romance of the Peerage," tells how a certain Wilfred Aubrey established his right to the title of Baron Tudor. The story is very dramatic, and is finely complicated by the eccentricities of English law. Another chapter is devoted to curious wills, always fertile in good legal stories. One of these gives an account of a certain Sir Gilbert West, who seems to have been quite the most wrongheaded man who ever made his own will. This B.B.K., as Mr. Orton would have called him, filled "a parchment-covered book, containing a hundred blank pages or thereabouts," with the most elaborate provisions for the disposal of his property. Having some uneasy suspicion that this will might be disputed, the poor man thought to guard himself by registering a solemn curse against any wicked person who should try to do so. He began, as the author quotes, by "holding up to the direct execration and infamy any person who should endeavour to alter or upset by suffering a recovery by an Act of Parliament, or by any other means whatever, the provisions of that his will." We can well believe that there was much hilarity among the lawyers when this was read out in court. In the chapter called "Dry Bones" the author gives some account of the Court of Chancery in the days of its glory, when the six clerks and other similar institutions were flourishing.

"It has been my endeavour in this volume" (10), says Mr. Billbrough, "to provide an illustrated gossiping guide to the Spas of the Pyrenees." Now the providing of the guide was an innocent and even laudable action, but the introduction of the gossip was wholly without excuse. The reader who is in search of useful information as to inns, diligences, roads, and prices is simply bored when he gets would-be funny stories about flirtations, and tumbles on the hillside, and the eternal Englishman who talks bad French instead. He will simply fall back on the Guide-book which is content to give him information only. Mr. Billbrough will therefore probably find that his book has to rely on his gossip for its attractions, which is a pity, for he had an excellent subject. The Pyrenees are, comparatively speaking, little visited by English

(2) *Four Essays on the Life and Writings of St. Francis de Sales*. By the Rev. H. B. Mackey, O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

(3) *The Table Talk of Martin Luther*. London: Fisher Unwin. 1883.

(4) *Luther: a Short Biography*. By J. A. Froude, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

(5) *Luther Anecdotes*. By Dr. Macaulay. London: The Religious Tract Society.

(6) *Margaret Fuller*. By J. W. Howe. London: Allen & Co. 1883.

(7) *English Poetesses*. By Eric S. Robertson, M.A. London: Cassell & Co. 1883.

(8) *Good Lives: some Fruits of the Nineteenth Century*. By A. Macleod Symington, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

(9) *Some Professional Recollections*. By a former Member of the Incorporated Law Society. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

(10) *Twist France and Spain; or, a Spring in the Pyrenees*. By E. Ernest Billbrough. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

people, though they must be well worth a visit. By dint of judicious skipping, a good deal may be learnt about them from Mr. Bilbrough's book, and we could well have exchanged the verses which he has introduced "to lighten the reading" for more information. At the end, however, the author gives some forty pages of guide-book pure and simple which are laconic and useful. His book has also the merit of being well supplied with maps. The illustrations are numerous and good. Miss Blunt, who travelled with the author's party, supplies some meritorious sketches, and a free use has been made of Gustave Doré's plates; some of them are very old friends, but always welcome. The pines near the Col d'Aspin, and the melodramatic trees in the castle park at Pau, are enough to make any one with a soul for romance long to visit those parts.

Under the elastic name of *Leisure Hours in Russia* (11) Mr. W. Hoffman, who was lately a member of the United States diplomatic service, has republished a number of articles of a very different description. An essay on Russian Superstitions follows a description of St. Petersburg. Then comes a translation of the "Nadeschda" of Runeberg, and an account of Finland. The greater part of the little volume is made up of translations by Mr. Hoffman himself in rather wooden verse. The longest chapter is on the Finnish epic, the Kalevala, which is, apparently, the most wonderful of folk-lore writings.

An elaborate critical essay on so considerable a writer as George Eliot (12) is not a work which can be discussed in a short space. We can, therefore, only say of Mr. Cooke's volume that it is obviously the work of a thorough student. He disclaims any intention of writing a "Life," but the biographical sketch which fills about a fourth part of Mr. Cooke's volume is as full as it can be made yet, and seems to us to be written in excellent taste. Mr. Cooke does not pretend to write with any particular or personal knowledge, and looks upon the biographical details as only subsidiary to his criticism.

The handbook which Mr. Pearce, Emigration Agent for the Natal Government, has published on his colony (13) is naturally somewhat of the nature of a prospectus. His object is to say the best he can for his clients, and he does so. An emigration agent is bound to consider that the happiest fate for all men is to get away "from the trammels of conventionalism" and make a decent living in a colony. Mr. Pearce fully shares this view; but at the same time he avoids painting the colonist's prospects too brightly. He plainly says that, if a man wishes to get on in Natal, he must be able and willing to work, and work very hard too. Further, Mr. Pearce insists that it is only "intelligent and competent workers" who are wanted in the colonies. This is very sound sense; but he should remember that intelligent and competent workers can generally get on at home, and also that there are men of this class who call "the trammels of conventionalism" the decencies of life, and who do not see the advantage of making a hundred in a country where they can buy less of what they appreciate than a fourth of the sum would purchase in England, and where many of the things which are not to be bought with money cannot be obtained at all. There is no question, however, that a good workman may do well in the colonies; and any man of that class who chooses Natal for his home may be recommended to study Mr. Pearce.

The amateur scientific public of England is indebted to Mr. Grant Allen (14) for another work on a question of science written in his familiar style of learned story-telling, which is not unlike that of Jules Verne minus the human interest. In *Flowers and their Pedigrees* he gives the history of a number of British plants according to the evolution theory.

Dr. Mombert (15) says in his preface that he has "striven to write a history useful not only to scholars, but to all readers of the English Bible"; and his account of our versions has the appearance of being complete. How accurate it is only a specialist could say.

Among technical handbooks recently published, we may notice Mr. Simpson's *Grape Vine* (16)—a reprint of articles from *The Garden*—revised and enlarged in a form which the author hopes will "meet the wants of grape-growers generally."

Mr. A. Saunders, "an Englishman many years resident in New Zealand," has observed that "thousands of the most experienced and best-informed persons upon some important practical questions have passed from this life without putting any of their valuable and well-founded opinions on record." He is determined not to be guilty of any such neglect; and has accordingly recorded his own opinions (17), which we have no doubt are both valuable and well founded, as to the proper treatment of domestic fowls in England and New Zealand.

A fourth edition of Lieut.-Colonel Money's treatise on the

Cultivation and Manufacture of Tea (18) has been published, "revised and supplemented by additional chapters."

A kindred treatise on Tea-blending (19), published by the same firm (Whittingham & Co.), has reached a third edition.

Mr. Râs Bihâri Mukharji has no need to apologize, as he does in his preface, for writing English (20). He may be right in saying that "To many it may seem very great presumption on the part of a native of Bengal to attempt to render into a foreign tongue, and one so difficult to master as the English is, the work of the greatest living writer of French prose." If so, they are mistaken as regards Mr. Râs Bihâri Mukharji, whose English is singularly good and wholly free from Babu eccentricities. The only fault of his sentences, if it be a fault, is that they are very scholastic and carefully balanced. As regards his translation of M. Renan's *Dialogues et fragments philosophiques*, he is to be complimented on succeeding in the task of rendering French with elegance and accuracy, which proves so difficult for most Englishmen.

Mr. Godwin's translation of the *Abbé Constantin* (21) is apparently accurate enough grammatically; but it is sadly wooden.

It will be enough to mention the fact that the English translation of Professor Villari's *Machiavelli* (22) has now reached the fourth volume.

A notice of appearance is also all that can be given to Miss Alleyne's translation of Dr. Zeller's *Eclecticism in Greek Philosophy* (23), or the same translator's version of the first volume of Duncker's *History of Greece* (24).

The species of Annual Register which the firm of Cassell & Co. publish under the name of a *History of the Year* (25) has now appeared for the second time. Many of the improvements suggested on the appearance of the first volume have been adopted, and the work promises to take a respectable place.

Once upon a time an American Minister at the Court of St. James's claimed Shakspeare as an American, because the Declaration of Independence had not been made in 1616. Thereupon *Punch* drew a picture of the poet—it had not found him out in those days of ignorance—in an appropriate Sam Slick costume. That was a tolerable jest, and served its turn; but why need Messrs. Sampson Low repeat it in the form of a three volume edited, and spelt, in America? That, however, is what they have done in the Riverside edition (26).

A melancholy interest attaches to the "epitomized" version of Mr. O'Donovan's "Merv Oases" (27). It is a nicely printed book, and contains a picture of its brave and unlucky author in Turcoman costume.

Principal Tulloch has wisely made hay while the sun shone, and brought out a third edition of his *Luther, and other Leaders of the Reformation* (28).

It is creditable to the reading public that Mr. Heath's *Peasant Life* (29) should have reached a fifth edition. A facsimile copy of a letter to the author by Lord Beaconsfield, on "Peasant Life, Trees, and Sylvan Scenery," is prefixed to the volume.

We have received a copy of a new and revised edition of Caroline Fox's (30) "Memories of Old Friends."

Messrs. Suttaby & Co. publish a prettily got-up selection from the writings of Dr. Faber (31). It is made from that part of his work which is not "pervaded" with "a Romish spirit," according to the editor.

The number of school-books or text-books recently published is as usual considerable. Mr. R. Torceanu has prepared *A Simplified Grammar of the Roumanian Language* (32) for Trübner's Series.

Two more grammars have been published for a generation which has outgrown Lindley Murray without notably improving

(18) *The Cultivation and Manufacture of Tea*. By Lieut.-Colonel Edward Money. Fourth edition. London: Whittingham & Co. 1883.

(19) *The Art of Tea-blending*. Third edition. London: Whittingham & Co.

(20) *Philosophical Dialogues and Fragments*. From the French of Ernest Renan. Translated by Râs Bihâri Mukharji. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(21) *The Abbé Constantin*. A Novel. By Ludovic Halévy. Translated by H. G. Godwin. London: Remington & Co.

(22) *Niccolò Machiavelli and his Times*. By Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(23) *A History of Eclecticism in Greek Philosophy*. Translated from the German of Dr. E. Zeller, by S. F. Alleyne. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

(24) *History of Greece*. Translated from the German of Professor Max Duncker. By S. F. Alleyne. Vol. I. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

(25) *The History of the Year*. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co. 1883.

(26) *The Riverside Shakespeare*. Edited by Richard Grant White. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(27) *The Story of Merv*. By Edmond O'Donovan. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

(28) *Luther, and other Leaders of the Reformation*. By John Tulloch, D.D. Third edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

(29) *Peasant Life in the West of England*. By F. G. Heath. New and cheaper edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(30) *Caroline Fox; her Journals and Letters*. Edited by Horace W. Fym. New and revised edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

(31) *Thoughts on Great Mysteries*. Selected from the Works of F. W. Faber, D.D. London: Suttaby & Co. 1883.

(32) *A Simplified Grammar of the Roumanian Language*. By R. Torceanu. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(11) *Leisure Hours in Russia*. By Wickham Hoffman, late Secretary United States Legation at St. Petersburg. London: Bell & Sons. 1883.

(12) *George Eliot: a Critical Study of her Life, Writings, and Philosophy*. By G. W. Cooke. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(13) *Our Colony of Natal*. By Walter Pearce. Published by permission of the Natal Government. London: Edward Stanford.

(14) *Flowers and their Pedigrees*. By Grant Allen. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

(15) *English Versions of the Bible*. By the Rev. J. I. Mombert, D.D. London: Bagster & Sons.

(16) *The Grape Vine; its Propagation and Culture*. By John Simpson. London: Routledge & Sons. 1883.

(17) *Our Domestic Birds: a Practical Handbook for England and New Zealand*. By Alfred Saunders. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

its English. The first called *The Parts of Speech* (33), by Dr. Irvine. The second, by Mr. Locke, is called *A Primer of English Parsing and Analysis* (34).

Mr. Fasnacht has published "A Teacher's Companion" (35) for the third year of his French course.

Among annotated texts the first mention is due to Dr. Holden's *Hieron of Zenophon* (36), which has a copious introduction, notes, and index; then to Messrs. Chambers's edition of *As You Like It* (37), also copiously annotated; and the Rugby edition of "Shakspeare's" *King John* (38).

Finally, we have to notice an edition of the second and third parts of *Hudibras* (39), copiously annotated by Mr. A. Milnes.

The innumerable readers of *John Inglesant* must have been all more or less interested in the noble figure of the Quietist Miguel Molinos, who plays so large a part in the second volume of that very remarkable novel. Mr. Shorthouse, after raising their curiosity, has taken steps to satisfy it by translating and publishing a selection from *The Spiritual Guide* (40). A preface by the translator gives an account of this famous mystic and of his work. Mr. Shorthouse is perhaps scarcely just to the Jesuits who consigned Molinos to the Inquisition. Noble and pious as he was, his doctrines would have produced anarchy had they been acted on, and his enemies may well have thought that they were struggling for the discipline and coherence of the Church. It cannot be denied, however, that, on the whole, modern religious feeling is rather on the side of Molinos than on that of the Pope and the Jesuits.

(33) *The Parts of Speech: an easy Grammar for Beginners.* By W. B. Irvine. London: Kelfe Brothers.

(34) *A Primer of English Parsing and Analysis.* By Cyril L. C. Locke, M.A. London: Rivington. 1883.

(35) *The Teacher's Companion to Macmillan's Progressive French Course.* By G. Eugène Fasnacht. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

(36) *The Hieron of Zenophon.* By Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

(37) *Shakspeare's As You Like It.* London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1883.

(38) *King John.* Edited by Rev. C. E. Moberley, M.A. London: Rivington. 1883.

(39) *Hudibras.* By Samuel Butler. Parts II. and III., edited by Alfred Milnes, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

(40) *Golden Thoughts from "The Spiritual Guide" of Miguel Molinos.* With Preface by Mr. Henry Shorthouse. Glasgow: Bryce & Son. 1883.

From the 5th of January next the SATURDAY REVIEW will give a Weekly Notice of Current French Literature.

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